The Outlook

AUGUST 18, 1915

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

THE STORY OF THE WAR: THE FALL OF WARSAW

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Because the Germans followed the familiar precept they now hold Warsaw, the capital of Russian Poland, the third city of the Russian Empire, and the largest one that has yet been captured by any army in this war. And while deploring the success of the Austro-German arms, even sympathizers of the Allies must admire the magnificent determination of the Teutons which won this prize for them after the two attempts of the earlier part of the war had seemed to prove the Polish city almost impregnable.

The fall of Warsaw clinches German possession of all of Russian Poland except the provinces of Siedlce, Suwalki, and Kovno, giving the Germans, with what they hold in Courland to the north, the possession of more than sixty thousand square miles of Russian territory, with a population of fifteen million. This victory flattens the Polish wedge which Russia has held poised at the intersection of the two Teutonic empires, through which lay the easiest way for the Slavs to get at Vienna and Berlin. Even if the Germans attempt no further blow at the Czar, before he can again hope seriously to threaten the two Kaisers the Grand Duke Nicholas must first retake mile upon mile of his own soil. This prospect cannot bring anything but gloom to bruised and battered Russia.

Although from a military point of view the combined Austro-German Galician and Polish campaign, which began in late April, has exceeded any other in the war in point of the number of men involved, and in results has been second only to the first rush by which Germany got what she still holds of Belgium and France, the moral effects of the latest Teutonic triumph outweigh the military. Greece, which for a long time trembled on the point of joining the Allies, seems to be turning back to a cold neutrality, and Bulgaria, of whose aid the Allies lately had hopes, appears unwilling to join them until she receives a better offer than they have yet made.

London, Paris, and Petrograd continue to talk hopefully of aid from Rumania, but the thought of what has happened to the Russian armies that lately were on her borders clutching Bukowina and a fringe of Transylvania is bound to be a severe damper to any anti-Teutonic aspirations of the only Latin nation in the Balkans.

THE SKILLFUL RETREAT OF THE RUSSIANS

In spite, however, of the gravity of the German triumph, the fact remains that the Germans have apparently failed in the consummation of the principal ambition of the Warsaw campaign, namely, the annihilation of the Russian armies. These armies are not yet definitely reported out of danger, but all reports indicate that the Grand Duke Nicholas will succeed in eluding the German trap with all the skill which has marked him as one of the great commanders of the century. Mr. Stanley Washburn, correspondent of the London "Times," who was on the hills east of Warsaw when the first Teutons entered the city at six o'clock on the morning of August 5, writes to his paper as follows:

"I have been in and out of Warsaw since the evacuation started, and I am able to state without reservation that there never has been the slightest confusion or panic on the roads as the result of the movement.

"If the Germans, on the occupation of the city, captured anything valuable, I shall be greatly surprised, as for two weeks an almost uninterrupted train of transports carrying the military effects was strung out along the road in the rear in case Warsaw ultimately would have to be given up.

"The bridges were blown up at three o'clock, and, to the best of my information, the Germans arrived on the Warsaw side of the Vistula at six, which certainly does not indicate close contact with the rear guard,

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and much less the carrying of any part of the defenses by storm."

If the Germans drive on east from Warsaw, Brest-Litowsk would be the next substantial obstacle in their way. The capture of this heavily fortified place could be of no use to them except for defensive purposes, however, to use against the Russians when they have recuperated and begun to advance once more.

It is problematical what the next move of the Germans will be. As we go to press, London despatches say that they have taken Lomza, on the Narew, about one hundred and three miles northeast of Warsaw. It is also reported that the Russians are preparing to evacuate Riga, on the Baltic, the sixth city of the Empire, and Vilna, on the Warsaw-Petrograd Railway. But the forces operating against these two cities are part of the command of General von Bülow, and are not large enough to go much farther without reinforcements. Warsaw is seven hundred miles from Moscow, the hub of Russia, and with winter in sight and with the memory of Napoleon's disastrous campaign in 1812 it seems doubtful if the German war staff has serious plans of a deep thrust at the Russian interior, particularly when the acceptance of the defensive in Russia will release a large force of Germans and Austrians for use on other fronts. But such speculations for the present are futile. Only a few men in Europe know what Mackensen and Hindenburg will do next.

PEACE THAT WOULD BE NO PEACE

The fact that vague peace rumors apparently emanating from the Fatherland were heard immediately after the capture of Warsaw looks like a straw indicating that the Imperial German Government realizes that it has won all it can hope to win by this war, and knows that if the Allies continue to fight on with united determination the case may go hard with Germany. So Japan, although winning, made the first moves toward peace in her war with Russia. Some of the rumors purported to come from Germany through Holland, but the most specific one, to the effect that the Kaiser had offered the Czar a separate peace through the King of Denmark, was given to the world unofficially from Petrograd.

None of these rumors has been confirmed, but in regard to any and all talk of peace at present there is just one thing to be said. The Allies cannot afford even to listen to any pacific advances from the central Powers that do not include as a condition precedent to an ultimate adjustment in detail the withdrawal of the German armies from at least Belgium and France. Peace on any other terms would leave Germany victorious, would be not a real peace at all but a mere armistice, while the German military party, still in power, should go on plotting for the separation of the Allies of this year and the triumphant realization in the end of the dream of world dominion. Until the peril of Prussianism has been definitely lifted from the world, as the peril of Napoleonism was lifted a hundred years ago, any pacific advances that do not include the restoration of the booty that Germany has stolen from Europe and the discrediting of the German *Kriegspartei* must, under present conditions, be regarded as futile.

MORE GERMAN-AMERICAN ERUPTIONS

The efforts of German-Americans and of Germans in America to have this country forsake true neutrality and become an active ally of the Fatherland by stopping the export of munitions of war to any one who is able to buy them—which, owing to the failure of the German navy, happens to be the Allies—go on as before despite the rebuffs of some clear-headed men among them and despite a slackening in the aid which they had been receiving from Mr. Bryan.

At San Francisco recently, at the eighth biennial meeting of the German-American National Alliance, an effort was made by a number of delegates to have the Convention indorse a letter to President Wilson which would have been highly insulting not only to him but to every true American in the land. This letter, after declaring that the United States has been engaged in a "criminally pernicious" traffic in munitions for a year, said that Americans "stand in a pillory before the world as consummate hypocrites. . . . In the eyes of our contemporaries and before the tribunal of history we stand convicted. . . . Mr. President, it devolves upon you to remove this stain. There is no other alternative. The country demands that you restore it to what it has lost, its reputation, its honor, and its fair and unsullied name."

The disapproval of six of the officers of the Alliance, including four of the National

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vice-presidents, who threatened to resign if the letter were adopted, prevented the perpetration of a National insult by the minority, who would have taken advantage of a liberty which the censors of their Fatherland would never have allowed them in order to vilify the land of their adoption. In giving credit to the group of men, which included the President of the organization, who voted down this letter our praise must be weakened by the fact that the resolutions which were finally adopted, while free from the slanderous language of the proposed note, contained much of its bumptious and un-American spirit.

"The American people," it read, "must realize that those of German birth or extraction are not willing to accept second place in public life, and are not here to be merely tolerated. As American citizens, we rightly demand full equality and will not suffer our influence upon the development of our Republic to be curtailed."

Would it not be well for these gentlemen who are so jealous of their prerogatives as American citizens to think carefully before exercising them in the interests of the Prussian bureaucracy, which has shown itself to be the enemy of democracy and republicanism everywhere?

While we are on this subject it is worth while to call the attention of readers of The Outlook to the further evidence that has come to light tending to prove the contention of Mr. Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, to the effect that the labor interests in America have been used as a shield by agents of the German Government in their propaganda against the export of munitions to the Allies.

In resigning as First Vice-President of Labor's National Peace Council, Mr. Milton Snelling, First Vice-President of the International Union of Steam and Operating Engineers of America, has seriously questioned the sincerity of the peace campaign of the Labor Peace Council. It will be remembered that this organization, of which Representative Frank Buchanan, of Illinois, is President, has been a prominent supporter of the peace-at-any-price movement.

In his letter of resignation Mr. Snelling says that it has caused him "considerable chagrin, disappointment, and disgust" to find in the organization "persons who have been hanging on the fringe of the labor movement for their own personal aggrandizement, men who have been discarded, one who is expelled from the international union of his trade, and others never having been members of any organization of labor."

Mr. Snelling's disgust was deepened, and he began to suspect the good faith of the peace propaganda carried on in the name of labor, when, as he alleges, he heard Congressman Buchanan remark, "This thing is big enough, so that I do not care where the money comes from to finance it." His suspicion that the money was coming from Germany was confirmed by a conversation that he declares took place between two of his associates in the Peace Council. To the question asked by one of these, "What, after all, does this Council want to do?" the other is alleged to have replied: "We want to stop the exportation of munitions to the Allies. You see, Germany can manufacture all the munitions she wants."

"Surely, when I heard this," said Mr. Snelling, "the impression made upon my mind was not that the Council was seeking peace, but rather to play into the hands of one of the nations engaged in the European war and as against the others."

THE ARMENIANS IN ASIA MINOR

On July 28, in the British House of Lords, the Earl of Crewe, Lord President of the Council, replying to a question by Viscount Bryce concerning the killing of Christians in Armenia, said that such crimes had increased both in number and in degree of atrocity. The Armenians have often suffered outrage and massacre, and the present war offers a new opportunity for oppression.

As far back as last January some one hundred thousand persons from the Turkish and Persian Armenian provinces had taken refuge at Etchmiadzin, at the foot of Mount Ararat, in Russian Armenia, where they appealed for relief to the head of the Armenian Church and to their compatriots. They had been chiefly suffering from the wild Kurdish tribes along the border.

In May, however, the Armenians of Asia Minor had to meet another oppressor, the Turkish Government. It issued an order, the execution of which at Brusa (the city which the Turks may make their capital if Constantinople falls) is thus described by an eye-witness:

The police at midnight swooped down upon the homes of all Armenians whose names had

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been put on the proscribed list sent from Constantinople. These men were arrested and the minutest search made of their homes for possible revolutionary documents. The young Armenians were then ordered into the army; the older men were deported into the interior, while women and children who were not carried off in an opposite direction were left to shift for themselves. In thousands of cases the deportation has been carried out on such a basis that families, broken up by the Turkish officials, will never be reunited.

Another report is at hand in a letter just received by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions from a British resident of Constantinople:

Zeitun has ceased to exist as an Armenian town. The inhabitants have been scattered, the city occupied by Turks, and the very name changed. The same is true, to a large extent, of Hadjin, except, I believe, the name has not been altered. The Armenians of the regions of Erzerum, Bitlis, and Erzingan have under torture been converted to Islam. Hardin reports 1895 (the year of the infamous massacre) conditions as prevailing there. The tale is awful to the last degree. . . . The inhabitants of cities like Zeitun and Hadjin are driven out like cattle and made to march long distances under the burning sun, hungry and thirsty. For instance, large numbers from Zeitun have recently reached Adana utterly destitute, many having been left to die along the road. More than a thousand families from Hadjin recently arrived in Aleppo in the last degree of misery, and yet the purpose is to send them much farther. Husbands are forcibly separated from wives and sent to places long distances apart. Children are similarly separated from parents.

We learn that some twenty thousand Turks from Thrace were taken to Zeitun and established in houses that for generations belonged to the Armenians, while the former owners were scattered to the extreme ends of the Empire, one portion being sent to the sandy deserts at the head of the Persian Gulf and the other to malarial marshes in the interior.

So critical is the situation that Mr. Morgenthau, our Ambassador at Constantinople, who, almost single-handed, is fighting to prevent a wholesale slaughter, has asked and obtained the co-operation of the Ambassadors there of Turkey's allies, Baron von Wangenheim and Margrave Pallavincini. They have joined our Ambassador in trying to convince the Turkish Government that a renewal of the atrocities of the former Turkish régime would be a crime.

THE ARMENIANS IN PERSIA

We have been so accustomed to thinking of the Armenians as resident only in Turkey that we often lose sight of the fact that they also live in Russia and in Persia. The news which comes to hand from Persia is as ghastly in its detail as that which has been received from Asia Minor. The city of Salmast, for instance, has been completely destroyed by the Kurds. One of the survivors writes:

Hundreds of old people and children remained behind in the ill-omened "Valley of Blood," unable to reach Duzlac. Those who could go on tottered as they walked. Here a dozen women and children, buried in a chasm of snow, were crying out for help. There a cart had been upset into a deep ravine with all its passengers and animals. One woman, unable to walk further, fell on the snow and gave birth to a child. A few yards away, another, made insane by suffering, leaped over a cliff, at the bottom of which hungry wolves were whining. Such scenes were repeated all along the route. I saw one woman, whose husband had just been killed, walking with all her clothes frozen, one child in her arms, another on her back, and the oldest walking by her side. A sick woman was telling how her husband and children had been butchered before her eyes. She begged to be killed too, but instead she was subjected to treatment worse than death. The wailing of the children, women, and old people was heartrending. Many of the refugees were swept away in trying to cross the streams, and dead bodies by hundreds lined the road.

Again, near Urumia, where Americans have a most efficient hospital and mission, four thousand Armenians were killed outright. Crowds of men, women, and children took refuge in the churches, but these were burned down and the poor refugees slaughtered like trapped rats. Nor was this the worst. For many days the fields around Salmast and Urumia were strewn with dead bodies, for no kindred or friends were left to give them interment. The marauders allowed them to fester and rot on the open ground. No wonder that from the Azerbajan Province of Persia alone there has been an exodus of some twoscore thousand into Russia.

The time is thus indeed ripe for the friends of the Armenians to show whether they mean anything by their friendship. An American Armenian Relief Fund has been established under the direction of such men as Bishops Greer and Rhinelander, the Rev. Dr. James L. Barton, Rabbi Harris, ex-President Eliot, and Mr. Oscar Straus. The treasurers are

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Messrs. Brown Brothers & Co., Bankers, 59 Wall Street, New York City, who will transmit all funds in equal parts to the head of the Armenian Church at Etchmiadzin, and to Mr. W. W. Peet, treasurer of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions at Constantinople. The Armenian colonists, especially in the United States and in other parts of the world, have already sent hundreds of thousands of dollars to relieve their people, but the misery needs the help of all friends of the Armenians as well.

MEXICO AND THE UNITED STATES

The situation as to Mexico assumed an acute phase last week when reports from Vera Cruz, sent by Commander McNamee, in command of our gunboat squadron on the coast of Mexico, stated that rioting had taken place in that city, that Americans had been insulted and driven from the streets, and that speeches had been made urging that the Americans be driven from Mexico and their property seized. Two American battle-ships, the Louisiana and the New Hampshire, at once sailed from Newport, presumably under orders to go at once to Vera Cruz for the protection, if necessary, of American life and property. The sending of war-ships to Vera Cruz is not by any means an indication that our Government meditates forceful measures in dealing with the Mexican problem. It is not a hostile act, but the natural consequence of disturbance and possible danger to our citizens in Mexico. That we should have no war-vessel of any size on the Mexican coast in the present disturbed state of the country is surprising. Indeed, if American war-ships had been off Vera Cruz it is quite probable that the disturbance might not have taken place.

The reports which came to this country from Vera Cruz on August 10 added that General Carranza, who is at Vera Cruz, had done nothing to quell the demonstration. This increases the belief that the rioting is only one of several indications that Carranza is in a hostile state of mind toward the United States. He has always resented any indication whatever that the United States proposed to exercise influence or power in Mexican affairs, while the conference between Ministers and Ambassadors from Central America and South America with our own Secretary of State has unquestionably increased Carranza's feeling of hostility. Other indications have been the ousting from Mexico of Guatemala's representative there and the resignation of the Brazilian Minister, which is said to have been precipitated by knowledge that Carranza was about to ask his Government to recall him.

Carranza's statement issued about a week before this demonstration in Vera Cruz puts very clearly his attitude. He refuses definitely to enter into conference with Mexican leaders of other factions with the intention of selecting a "compromise candidate for Provisional President." He claims that, while he is ready to confer on military matters, he and his army represent the revolution; that the revolution has now practically succeeded; that the great reforms proposed by the Constitutional party as to land, education, and taxation must first be promulgated as war measures by himself as chief of the revolutionary forces, and that only after this can an election be called for a Congress to approve the measures and to establish a constitutional and legal government.

It is evident that Carranza is to prove the great stumbling-block to the plans of the present conference about Mexico. It is quite probable that the resulting position will not be dissimilar from that when Huerta was in power. Instead of the Administration's old cry, "Eliminate Huerta," it may have to substitute the cry, "Eliminate Carranza." Moreover, a conference of Mexican leaders and factions in which the Carranza element should be omitted would be powerless unless backed by actual force from outside. This being the condition of affairs, and with the Vera Cruz outbreak in mind, one can but lament more than ever the weak and futile policy which led to the evacuation of Vera Cruz by our forces at the very time when their presence there might have been of practical avail.

The conference of the diplomatic representatives of Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Bolivia, Guatemala, and Uruguay with Secretary Lansing and Mr. Paul Fuller, who has been President Wilson's adviser on Mexican affairs, resumed its sessions in New York on August 11. A published statement of its plans is expected as we write. As foreshadowed in the press, the plan includes an appeal to the Mexican factions to compose their differences in a convention, or otherwise; the expectation that, if any one faction fails to join in this, the others may set up a government which will be recognized by

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the conferring nations; the intimation that any faction which refuses to support the plan will be barred out from obtaining munitions or equipment, presumably by embargo; the proposal that after their conference the Mexican leaders will proceed to establish a provisional government, to be recognized by the United States and the other Powers now in conference; and, finally, a promise for the devising by our Secretary of the Treasury of a plan to finance this new government.

THE UNITED STATES IN HAITI

Since the violence and bloodshed in Haiti commented upon in the last two issues of The Outlook the situation has become, temporarily, at least, more peaceful. This is due entirely to the prompt action of the United States Government in landing its marines and in restoring order. If that control were to be discontinued, the past history of Haiti makes it certain that the contending factions—there are at least three which have been in arms—would resume the struggle.

In the interior fighting last week continued here and there, but in the two cities quiet was maintained. Admiral Caperton's prompt and effective measures to enforce order are everywhere praised.

Admiral Caperton has placed naval paymasters in charge of the custom-houses at the two ports of Haiti, and during our control of affairs the public finances will be administered by Americans. There are encouraging indications, so Admiral Caperton reports, that the most prominent and influential men among the people in the island favor the plan of asking our Government to enter into such an agreement with Haiti as we have had with Santo Domingo; that is, to supervise the finances of the country, to apply the funds raised to satisfy just demands of creditors and bondholders, and also in this case to take measures for the permanent preservation of order and security in the Black Republic. Several Haitian political leaders have expressed a wish that the United States should oversee the next election.

Haiti is one of the great danger points in our relations with foreign countries. If we are to carry out the principles of the Monroe Doctrine, it is absolutely essential that we should render interference by other nations unnecessary, and to do this we must, whenever occasion requires, take such action as will prevent ill treatment of foreign debtors or insult to foreign representatives.

To put down bloodshed now and then, when fierce outbreaks occur, is by no means the full duty of this country in this matter.

THE EASTLAND INVESTIGATIONS

A Chicago Grand Jury has brought indictments charging manslaughter and criminal carelessness against four officers of the company which owned the Eastland, and against her captain and engineer. It is charged that the company's officers knew that their boat was unstable and unseaworthy, and that in several points they were criminally negligent of their duty. The findings and recommendations of the Grand Jury will be discussed in next week's issue.

The reason given last week for the abrupt ending of the investigation of the Eastland disaster conducted by Mr. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce, was that Judge Landis, of the Federal Court, had ordered that no witnesses before the Federal Grand Jury should appear before another body. But another reason was that Secretary Redfield had, in the opinion of the people and press of Chicago, interfered in other investigations by unwise protests and comment, seemingly in the effort to protect the inspectors of his Department. There certainly has been no lack of investigations—coroner's jury, Cook County's Grand Jury, Federal Grand Jury, and Secretary Redfield's; others even were planned but not carried out.

It is evident that this case calls for two kinds of inquiry: one through the ordinary judicial and prosecuting officials which should scrutinize the evidence, apportion the guilt if they find misconduct, and bring indictments as called for; the other to look into the larger questions of licensing and inspecting and of controlling steamboat management. The first is the function of grand juries, the second of the United States Government. And as the investigation may deal with the whole method of the Department of Commerce and not merely consist of an inquiry by the Department into the conduct of its individual employees, it should start outside of the Department, as was the case with the Post-Office investigation under Mr. Roosevelt's Administration. We are glad, therefore, to note President Wilson's letter to Mayor Thompson, of Chicago, in which he promises to "see to it that the investigation

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does not result in a way which will not be entirely satisfactory to the public." What the public demand is that not merely the responsibility for the Eastland disaster be fixed, but that assurance be given that the Government is doing all it can to make life on steamboats safe and colossal tragedies like that of the Eastland impossible.

That the rules for excursion boats especially are now inadequate is indicated in many ways. Thus, a year ago the Secretary of the Chicago Federation of Labor wrote to the Department of Commerce a letter the last words of which almost foreshadow the Eastland disaster:

We believe the conditions of the excursion passenger steamers are altogether too unsafe to be permitted to continue without a most vigorous protest from this Federation, as a matter of record, in the event of any accident in the future, that we at least had registered a protest. For instance, we claim it is a crime to permit the Christopher Columbus 3,800 passengers, with the excuse that she runs but five miles from shore. That crowded condition, regardless of sufficient lifeboats or able seamen, in the event of an accident will prove to have sacrificed the lives of thousands of people, *even if she were tied to the docks.*

As to the stability of the Eastland, Andrew Furuseth, of the Seamen's Union, in an interview said:

It was due to overloading and to the lack of fast, permanent ballast. No passenger boat is safe that will not stand up with its maximum load of passengers all on one side without water ballast. Water ballast is to be used, not as a safety device, but only for trimming, to keep the ship on an even keel, reduce friction and cost of fuel and to make speed.

The efficiency with which the Chicago authorities managed the work of rescue, relief, and aiding the friends of the lost to recover their bodies is worthy of all praise. Individual instances of sympathy and energy are abundant. Here are two which we find mentioned in a letter to the New York "Tribune:"

Margaret Condon is head telephone operator at the Western Electric plant. On the afternoon of the 24th of July she went back to help handle the telephone inquiries for the missing. She went on duty at one o'clock Saturday afternoon, and stayed at the switchboard until eleven o'clock Sunday night—thirty-four hours. She says she didn't want to trust the board to anybody else.

Helen Repa, a nurse in the Western Electric plant hospital, got through the police lines, pulled a couple of people out of the water, and helped resuscitate several more. Then she jumped on an ambulance and rode down to the Iroquois Hospital. From there she ordered five hundred blankets from Marshall Field & Co. on her own responsibility, helped wrap them around the injured as they were brought in, did a lot of bandaging, and tied a few arteries. Then she went back to the Eastland, opened a temporary morgue in a near-by warehouse, collected the clothing as it was cut from the bodies, tagged the bodies and the clothing for identification, and drove away the undertakers. Then she went home in a street car.

It was not only the "Eastland disaster;" it was the Eastland revelation.

GENERAL BENJAMIN F. TRACY

To have attained distinction in three great fields of endeavor was the fortune of the late General Benjamin F. Tracy, who died recently at his home in New York at the age of eighty-six. As a soldier, as a statesman whose work as Secretary of the Navy was of much importance, and as a jurist his service to his country was certainly noteworthy.

General Tracy was elected a District Attorney of Tioga County in the year 1853. He took an active part in the organization of the Republican party and served as a member of the committee that issued the first Republican appeal in New York State.

As a soldier in the Civil War he raised the One Hundred and Ninth and One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Regiments of New York Volunteers, serving as colonel of the One Hundred and Ninth under General Burnside. He won the Congressional medal of honor and was brevetted Brigadier-General of Volunteers for his gallantry at the Battle of the Wilderness, where he was desperately wounded in the final attack upon the Confederate line. After his recovery in the hospital at Annapolis he was later appointed colonel of the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Regiment colored troops.

After the war he received an appointment as United States District Attorney for the Eastern District of New York, and in this position he carried on a relentless war against the distillers who had been defrauding the Government. He was responsible for drawing up the Conspiracy Act, under which all trials for conspiracy to defraud the United States had been held for more than forty years. Likewise he was responsible for the Revenue Act of 1868, which is still the basis for the collection of taxes on dis-

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tilled spirits. He served also as District Attorney of New York and as a Judge of the Court of Appeals. He was the leader of the Republican party in Kings County for many years.

General Tracy was appointed Secretary of the Navy by President Harrison, and as a successor to Secretary Whitney he continued the latter's policy of reformation with marked results. When he received his appointment, to quote from his report of 1889:

"The details of administering the navy, as an existing force, its vessels in commission, its officers and its crews, were scattered, without system or coherence, among a variety of offices, bureaus, and boards. . . . The assignment of officers to duty, and, to a limited extent, the movements of ships in commission, were in charge of an 'office of detail,' at the head of which was the chief of the Bureau of Navigation, which bureau was, at the same time, supplying compasses, chronometers, and navigating instruments, electric light plant, ships' libraries, and other miscellaneous articles. The enlistment and assignment of seamen belonged to Equipment, which was also engaged in the supply of another list of miscellaneous articles, and in the manufacture of cordage, galleys, chains, and anchors. The direction of gunnery practice by ships in commission was in charge of Ordnance, whose all-important duties in providing the navy with a modern armament left little opportunity for supervising the occupations of vessels at sea. . . . To all these fragments of authority there was no central unity of direction, except such as could be given by the personal attention of the Secretary to the exclusion of that broad and general supervision over all executive business which is required by a department as comprehensive as the navy, and cases were not infrequent where a ship received simultaneous orders from three separate bureaus which were so directly contradictory that it was impossible to execute them."

So important was the reconstruction work which he accomplished in the policy of the Navy Department that he has been at times called the "Father of the Fighting Navy," a title which he rightly shares with Secretary Whitney.

Upon his retirement from the navy General Tracy resumed his private practice of law. He served as counsel for Venezuela in the dispute as to the boundary line between that country and England. He was also one of the counsel for the defense of Henry Ward Beecher when he was sued by Theodore Tilton. He was a candidate for Mayor of New York City, and his advice as a lawyer and financial expert has had influence upon its prosperity and growth.

MAARTEN MAARTENS

The novels of Maarten Maartens, who died at Zeist, Holland, on August 4, dealt as to exterior matters almost entirely with Dutch life. But both in their idealism and in their irony they were universal in their application. Indeed, they were probably better liked by English and American readers than by the Dutch themselves, who were inclined to find distasteful the often sordid details of peasant life and the contrasted rendering of crassly prosperous Dutch burghers and capitalists. In fact, these things were but the dark background against which the novelist almost invariably threw into relief nobility and sacrifice. The author of "God's Fool" can never be accused of cynicism, although he had a trenchant wit when scoring selfishness and grossness.

As a writer of English this born Dutchman had few superiors. He was a master of the descriptive and equally adept in rendering character through dialogue. When he chose he could be "popular," but his mind was naturally subtle and he liked to deal with motive and temperament thoughtfully, perhaps sometimes also by remote suggestion rather than by demonstration. Probably the fullest appreciation of his work came from the intellectual and critical class rather than from the omnivorous devourers of fiction. Two or three of his novels, however, certainly had a wide and general audience.

Maarten Maartens's real name was Joost Marius Willem van der Poorten-Schwarz. He was born in Amsterdam, studied at an English school, and held degrees from German, Scotch, and American universities. He traveled and lived in several Continental countries, and much of his writing was done in those countries. All his books were written in English, and most or all were later translated into Dutch. Certainly he was a cosmopolitan writer, if ever there was one. In this respect he may be compared with Joseph Conrad, who was born in Poland, was a sailor, learned English from reading the newspapers, and published the first of his many novels in English after he was forty years old. There is a certain resemblance,

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too, in the work of Maartens and Conrad; both authors are subjective, averse to conventional construction and plot-building, and rich in undercurrents of suggestion. Maartens's first book, "The Sin of Joost Avelingh," which for some time sought a publisher in vain, was for sheer power as good as anything he wrote. Of his other books, "God's Fool," "The Greater Glory" (which first appeared in serial form in The Outlook), "Dorothea," and "My Lady Nobody" are the best known.

THE PANAMA-PACIFIC PICTURES

As a rule, the awards handed out to various artists at expositions convey, we think, little significance to other artists. They constitute in general the announcement that a certain group of artists have decided that Mr. So-and-So deserved the honor thus conveyed, just as years ago a group of painters in London decided that Whistler's "Girl in White" was below the standard of excellence demanded by the British Royal Academy, and so rejected it.

Most people, however, may note with some interest that the Grand Prize in the American section of painting at the Panama-Pacific Exposition has been awarded to Frederick Carl Frieseke. Mr. Frieseke is a native of Michigan, was trained in Paris, and has worked in New York. While not generally considered as standing in the front rank of our artists, he has been a notable exponent of decorative art. Some of his pictures have been called "empty" and "insipid" by very drastic critics, but that is doubtless because his work, like that of almost every artist, seems uneven. At his best Mr. Frieseke's canvases are certainly very striking and are clearly products of an instinct for decoration. He was a medalist at the St. Louis Exposition of 1904.

As at that Exposition in the Department of Sculpture, so at San Francisco in the Department of Painting, a Special Grand Prize has been awarded. Its recipient is Frank Duveneck, of Cincinnati, who represents the traditions and training of Munich. Mr. Duveneck is a distinguished veteran and has exerted influence on American art. Among his pupils have been some remarkable present-day painters. Separate rooms are devoted to the works of Whistler, Twachtman, Sargent, Chase, Childe Hassam, Redfield, Tarbell, Gari Melchers, and Howard Pyle. The contemporary Californian artists Arthur Mathews and Francis McComas share a room together. Medals of honor have been awarded to the late John W. Alexander, to Cecilia Beaux and Violet Oakley, and to Messrs. Metcalf, Miller, Parker, Schofield, Carlsen, and Griffin.

To turn from these latter-day names, we find that nineteenth-century portrait-painting is illustrated by the works of Huntington and Healy, and figure and *genre* are illustrated by Winslow Homer, Boughton, Weir, Shirlaw, and others. Landscape is illustrated by Inness, Robinson, and others. Later developments in figure-painting and landscape are specially to be noted in the pictures of Kendall and Dougherty.

Turning from oil paintings to water-colors and miniatures, we note that medals of honor have been given to such artists as Lillian Hale, Laura Hills, Muhrmann, Mura, Taylor, and Woodbury, just as in the department of etchings and engravings we find that Henry Wolf has captured the Grand Prize, and that medals were given to such men as Washburn, White, Baumann, Lewis, and MacLaughlin.

The collection of oils, water-colors, miniatures, etchings, and engravings shown at San Francisco, taken as a whole, has been variously estimated. Some critics are enthusiastic in its praise. Others lament that some great names should be poorly represented.

The foreign paintings have seemed to elicit more general commendation, if we judge by the suggestion made by certain of our museum authorities throughout the country that after the close of the Exposition two or three hundred of the best works should be put in circuit—that is to say, should constitute a rotary exhibition to be taken to the principal art centers—all this if the foreign commissioners and exhibitors consent! It is now proposed, however, that the plan include the best American works also.

Whether the American or the foreign exhibition at San Francisco be considered, most visitors feel that it includes too many pictures. One well-known critic remarks: "If seventy-five per cent of them were removed and the remaining twenty-five per cent properly hung, the collection would be a thousand per cent improved."

There is some truth in this, but the statement should be made with qualifications. There is very much good material at the Panama-Pacific Exposition of distinct educational value.

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THE WAY OF THE REFORMER IS HARD

Thomas Mott Osborne, well known in New York State for his philanthropic activities and his public services, about eight months ago left the well-earned leisure of his comfortable home to assume the onerous and unrewarded task of Warden of Sing Sing Prison, that he might correct some of the horrible iniquities which have characterized that prison house and might initiate there some of those experimental reforms in prison discipline to which the students of penology have long been pointing the way. Miss Katherine B. Davis, graduate of Vassar College, special student of sociology in Germany and in the University of Chicago, and Doctor of Philosophy in Sociology, has devoted her life, not merely to improving prison conditions, but to revolutionizing prison methods and bringing them into harmony with the human spirit of Christianity. Her appointment by the Mayor of New York two years ago as Commissioner of Correction for the city of New York was hailed throughout the country by those who knew anything of her character and career, and of the work that needs to be done to reform the punitive methods of America. Such reforms, efficiently carried out, always arouse a double hostility—that of corruptionists who have profited by the evils which the reformers propose to abolish, and that of the so-called conservatives, who think that nothing can be unless it already has been. It is not, therefore, strange that anonymous accusations have been preferred against Mr. Osborne and apparently a criminal conspiracy concocted to drive him from his office, and that, founded on complaints issuing from the City Penitentiary, an investigation of Miss Davis's administration has been commenced by the State Commission of Prisons. There are signs that the assailants of Mr. Osborne are retiring from the assault in discouragement, and there is indication that the opponents of Miss Davis will likewise meet with failure.

Of the conditions which Miss Davis found existing in Blackwell's Island, of what she has attempted to do to reform them, and of the obstacles which she has encountered in her work The Outlook will have something to say next week. To the anonymous complaints against Mr. Osborne we shall pay no attention until they get some respectable parentage and are presented in some better form than floating and unsupported rumors. It is not, however, necessary to give our readers detailed information respecting either the unofficial complaints in the one case or the official investigation in the other, in order to make clear to them the real issue underlying the assault upon both these honored reformers. It is not improbable that Mr. Osborne, in his revolt against the abominable conditions which have existed in Sing Sing, has been carried in individual instances into unwise indulgences. It is certain that Miss Davis, hampered by bad buildings, ill-trained assistants, and inadequate funds, has not been able to accomplish all that she hoped, and it is probable that in her desire to do the work both of an administrator and of a reformer she has attempted too much. But it is certain that the purposes of both have been high, their motives pure, their knowledge both of conditions and of needs accurate, and the principles on which they have acted those well established among modern experts.

The two methods of dealing with crime may be described in a paragraph in simple and unmistakable language.

The old penology indulged the spirit of revenge against the criminal and called it "vindictive justice." Its familiar motto was, "Fit the punishment to the crime." It trusted to the deterrent power of fear to prevent crime. Its philosophy was, The criminal has inflicted an injury on society, therefore inflict an injury on the criminal; this will both prevent him from repeating the crime and his fellows from imitating it. Executions were made public that they might inspire the deterrent power of fear in the community, and men, women, and children came from afar to witness these executions. The fruit of this philosophy was seen in the horrible torture inflicted on criminals by the state in the Middle Ages; it is seen in the barbaric lynchings which disgrace some parts of our country to-day. Under this system crime has grown faster than population. To put some limits to this spirit of vindictive justice the Mosaic Code commanded, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." To put an end to vindictive justice with all its fruitage of evil Jesus said, "But I say unto you, Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you."

This is the spirit of the new penology. Its motto is, Fit the punishment not to the crime but to the criminal. Its object is not to deter

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the criminal from crime, but to cure him of the criminal impulse. Its trust is not in the deterrent power of fear but in the inspiring power of an awakened self-respect and a newly created hope of acquiring the respect of society. Its philosophy is: The criminal is largely the creature of his evil environment; change the environment and you may hope to change the man; surround him with men who believe in him and he will begin to believe in himself; with men who are just before they are generous, but generous as well as just, and from them he will imbibe the spirit both of justice and of generosity. The old penology treated the criminal like a brute; it brutalized him. The new penology treats him like a man; it humanizes him. The criminal has abused his liberty, therefore the new penology deprives him of his liberty, but it also shows him how that liberty can be recovered and how it should be used. It punishes wrong-doing, but it punishes the criminal in society as the parent punishes the child in the home, not to gratify revenge but to cure the wrong-doer. By one and the same process it seeks the welfare of the criminal and of society, inspired by the same spirit of good will to both. It is punitive only that it may be remedial.

The issue involved in the investigation of Miss Davis and in the accusations preferred against Mr. Osborne is fundamentally the issue between the old and the new penology; between avenging crime and curing crime. Whatever may be the motive of the accusers, they represent mediævalism. Whatever may have been the errors of the accused, they represent the modern scientific method and the modern human spirit.

PREPARING TO VOTE

We Americans are a slow-moving, lethargic, cautious, deliberate people. The English, who are not commonly called particularly alert, turn out one government, nominate candidates, carry on a campaign, and put another government into office and set it at work, all in the space of a few weeks; while we Americans must start the process of electing a new Administration or even continuing an old one in power about a year and a half before the new Administration can take office or the old one can receive a new lease of life.

Early in the fall of this year of 1915 we must begin to get ready to elect a President and Congress to take office in 1917.

Every American voter who does not know just what his rights or duties under the law are should be now inquiring what he can do and what he ought to do.

The rights of the voter under the law vary in different States.

Not all States that have direct primaries use them in the process of nominating candidates for the Presidency. Of the forty-eight States of the Union only sixteen have adopted the Presidential preference primary—that is, a primary at which the voters express their preference for the Presidential nomination. The first State to adopt such a primary was Oregon, only five years ago. In the 1912 campaign there were ten States that used the Presidential preference primary in choosing delegates to the National conventions. Since then six other States have put into effect this form of primary by law. The sixteen States are as follows, arranged in the order of the adoption of the law:

State.	Year of Adoption.
Oregon	1910
North Dakota	1911
Nebraska	1911
Wisconsin	1911
New Jersey	1911
California	1912
Illinois	1912
Maryland	1912
Massachusetts	1912
Michigan	1912
South Dakota	1912
Iowa	1913
Minnesota	1913
New Hampshire	1913
Ohio	1913
Pennsylvania	1913

NOTE.—Michigan's law did not go into effect until after the primary campaign in 1912. Pennsylvania elected delegates in 1912 by primary, but afforded no opportunity for expressing preference directly for Presidential candidates. Other States had voluntary or partial primaries at which delegates were elected.

The States differ from one another, not only in the way in which the primaries are applied, but also in respect to the part which the voter can take in selecting candidates.

In one State the ordinary voter has virtually no real chance to take part in nominating men for office. In another he can take part in the primary of any party and help to nominate its candidates. In another he must first enroll in a party before he is eligible to take part in its primaries.

It is in those States which have laws limiting the primaries to those who have enrolled in the several parties that the voters should now be astir to learn their rights and to find out what is required of them if they are to exercise those rights.

When he gets the necessary information,

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then the voter must make up his mind what he will do.

He may decide not to enroll in any party. In that case he surrenders all chance of helping to determine what men shall be named as candidates for office. He will be an avowed independent. He will have a right to condemn the parties if they allow corrupt influences to control them and offer to unenrolled voters only incompetent and unworthy candidates, but he cannot regard this as a personal grievance or as depriving him of any right of citizenship, since he has deliberately chosen to forego the right which the law gave to him of taking part in the nomination of candidates. He has deliberately, by his choice of independence, commissioned others to make the selection of the candidates. On the other hand, by declining to enroll he reserves to himself entire freedom of action, unhampered by any sense of obligation to a party organization. The man who enters a party primary and is beaten in a fair and honest contest cannot help feeling that the manly thing to do is to accept the defeat, support the organization with which he has thrown in his lot, and wait his chance to renew the contest in the hope of winning next time. This burden of obligation the avowed independent does not have to bear.

There are some men who have no right to incur this burden of obligation. There are very good reasons why officers in the army and navy should not incur party duties. There are some men whose influence and usefulness may in great measure depend upon their political independence. As a rule, however, American voters ought to accept the burdens of party as a part of their burden of citizenship. Somebody has to nominate candidates, and it is more in accord with the spirit of self-government for as many voters as possible to take part in the task of nominating, than it is for the great mass of the voters to leave that task to a few. And this is true whether the few are public-spirited or whether they exercise their privilege profitably to themselves in the service of interests that want only subservient men nominated by any party. Under a popular form of government the avowed independent should be the exceptional man who foregoes this duty of nominating candidates only because it would interfere with other and more compelling public duties.

The voter who finds himself free to help nominate candidates must then decide what party he will join. If he lives in a State which has a so-called "open primary," he need do nothing else till primary day comes around. If, however, he lives in a State which has a "closed primary," he must see that he is enrolled. Enrollment consists in recording one's name as a party member. The unenrolled voter cannot vote in any primary. The enrolled voter can vote only in that party in which his name is enrolled.

The time for enrollment is usually set well in advance of the primaries. This is for the purpose of making it impossible for corrupt reasons to shift voters at the last moment in large numbers from one party to another. In New York State, for instance, the voter, if he wishes to determine who shall be the candidates of a party next year, must be enrolled in that party this fall.

It is necessary, therefore, for the voter who wishes to take part in the Presidential primary next year to decide now which party he will join. He must make up his mind now which party is most likely to stand for the policies he approves. He should frame his own platform. He should decide what sort of man he wants to see made President, and then he should select that party which he believes is most likely to have a platform like his and name the sort of man he prefers. Then he should enroll in that party and do his part in seeing that the party adopts that sort of platform and nominates that sort of man.

In this respect every American is an independent, for he is perfectly free now to choose between the parties.

NOT DRAMATIC BUT IMPORTANT

This month of August one hundred and sixty-eight men are working in Albany, New York, in the heat of a summer happily thus far cooler than usual, while many of their fellow-citizens are playing golf in the mountains or bathing in the surf on the seashore. Some of these Constitution-makers are doubtless working for their own interest to retain a power which is slipping away from them, but not a few are engaged in unselfish and unrewarded labor for the public good. The Outlook, in reference to their labors, extends to them, on its own behalf and on behalf of

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its readers, this word of appreciation and gratitude.

The New York people have paid but scant attention to this really important Constitutional Convention, and for a very simple, if not wholly adequate, reason. It is the dramatic, not the important, which interests the average reader. The essence of the dramatic is struggle; and struggle, if not more real, is more apparent in Becker's fight for life, Thaw's fight for liberty, or even the Johnson-Willard fight for a prize, than in the important but rather dull debates incident to Constitution-making.

None the less is this struggle important; not only because it directly affects the welfare of the nine million citizens of New York State, but also because it indirectly affects the welfare of the ninety million people of the United States. For it is really a battle for the liberty of the people which is being fought at Albany. The short ballot, the reduction of the State departments from a hundred and forty which the people cannot watch to eleven which they can watch, the power of the Governor to initiate the budget, the power of the citizens in our great cities to manage their own local affairs, are all, in different forms and phases, methods to promote the liberty of the people. The opposition to these necessary reforms is all opposition to the liberty of the people in the interest of special privilege. If those who believe in liberty do not find in the above propositions all that they wish, they can at least take courage from the fact that propositions introduced into the Constitutional Convention for the purpose of taking from the people some of the liberties which they now possess are apparently dead beyond hope of resurrection.

Readers who are interested in the important as well as the dramatic will find matter to interest as well as to instruct them in a letter from a staff correspondent on another page giving some account of this Convention.

AN IMPORTANT STEP

In his address before the Conference held under the auspices of the National Security League, in New York City, Lyman Abbott read a letter from Mr. Herbert L. Satterlee, an ex-Assistant Secretary of the Navy, urging the appointment of a "National Council for Defense," in which he said:

> Such a council should be composed of the President of the United States (as Chairman), the Secretary of State (as Vice-Chairman), the Secretaries of War and Navy, Chairmen of the Committees in the Senate and House of Representatives, respectively, on Foreign Relations, Appropriations, Naval Affairs and Military Affairs, and of the Chief of Staff of the Army and the President of the Army War College, an admiral who has commanded a fleet, and the President of the Naval War College. All the details should be left to this council, and appropriation bills recommended by them would be almost sure of passage. The civilian element would largely predominate.

The appointment of such a council appears to The Outlook to be an important step in the preparation against war. The suggestion has had the approval of Major-General Leonard Wood. In substantially the form advocated by Mr. Satterlee it was embodied in the report of the General Staff on the "Organization of the Land Forces of the United States," published in 1912.

The Nation's policy of defense should not be made a matter of party conflicts, should not be changed with every changing administration, and should not be left to be determined by men wholly ignorant of naval and military matters. Congress should, and must, decide whether there shall be any preparation against war, how far in that preparation we shall depend upon a navy, how far upon an army, how far, if at all, upon volunteer and extemporized forces called into existence in case of attack. But in determining the method to be pursued in organizing for defense Congress should certainly be guided, and largely governed, by a permanent and expert body. This counciling body should be so constituted as to include representatives of the Administration and of Congress, supplemented by lay representatives free, as far as possible, from party prejudices.

We have no wish to see bureaucracy substituted for democracy, but democracy should make free use of bureaus. The course which has been pursued by two administrations, one Republican, the other Democratic, in creating a Federal Reserve Board to give stability and permanence to our National banking system furnishes a good precedent for the present Administration to follow in dealing with National defense. It is quite as important for National welfare that our National

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defense should be organized on a permanent basis, in accordance with an established policy, and under the guidance and direction of experts, as that this course should be pursued in dealing with our National currency.

THE PLUS SIGN

The preacher stood at the front of the chancel without book or note—a tall, vigorous figure with a strongly molded face. Through the open windows of the little rustic church came the breath of the sea and the sweetness of the pines. The day was fair and still, and the sunshine, falling on the white birches, was like the purity of heaven. Untroubled peace filled the wide sweep of sky and enfolded the worshipers. There was no faintest echo of far-off guns, no hint in earth or air of unparalleled tempest engulfing half the world; there was the silence of a world asleep and radiant with the bloom of midsummer.

But there was not an ear in which the thunder of battle was not heard, not a heart which was not heavy with a sense of unspeakable grief; the worshipers had entered into the experience of Gethsemane and were bearing, each in the measure of his capability, the sorrows of the world. The sea was half veiled by a mist that seemed an exhalation of light drifting in and out; but beyond, darkness rested on the face of the waters and blackness of thick darkness lay like a pall over the hopes and aspirations of men. The earth that had seemed to be rolling slowly heavenward had slipped back to hell; when the day seemed to be at hand, night had come sweeping back; how could the world regain the beauty that had been ravished, the strength that had been poured out like water, the lost treasures of faith and hope that had been painfully gathered in the long ascent of the race out of savagery? The waste of it all was intolerable, incredible, blasting to faith, and the preacher, facing the worst and sounding the deeps of sorrow, held the cross aloft, as St. Paul had held it, as the glory of life. It was not the supreme tragedy of life, but the supreme unveiling of the heart of God. The Mountain of the Beatitudes was beautiful with promises of peace and purity, but it was a foothill on the way to the Mountain of the Cross. The sorrow of life, expressed in the cross, is not a black shadow on a lovely landscape; it brings out the beauty of that landscape and gives mass and power and terrible splendor to its structure. It is not a subtraction from the sum of living, but an eternal addition. It strikes a deeper note and reveals a more glorious destiny for men. Through the dreams of ease and comfort and security it lends a sudden vision of things more precious than ease, more to be desired than comfort, infinitely more to be prized than security.

The cross, the preacher said, put a halo about courage and gave courage its spiritual meaning. It showed how transcendent are spiritual and invisible things. Men have died by the million during the past year; not grudgingly and unwillingly, but gladly; they have met death, not with shrinking, but with a cheer. In this country we are so much in love with life, so eager to share its activities and grasp its rewards, that we have forgotten how slight a value life has simply as life, how entirely its dignity and worth come from what is put into and taken out of it. "One crowded hour of glorious life" is worth more than sluggish years.

Life gets its value from death, for through death the infinite continually breaks in upon the finite and the immortal shines in upon the mortal. For death is not interruption but fulfillment of life, and the cross, the symbol of sacrifice and death, is the supreme discloser of God the Father. In the Old Testament he is the Almighty; on Calvary he is God the Father Almighty; in the very heart of the storm, in the thickest darkness, in the most heartbreaking tragedy, the love of the Father finds its hour of supreme revelation; and not the Mountain of the Beatitudes but the Mountain of the Crucifixion shines with a light above that of the sun.

In the story with which the preacher ended, the French peasant looks back across the little village and sees the great crucifix, from which the Lord had descended to talk with him, and as it stands, clearly defined against the evening sky, he suddenly sees that it is the plus sign gloriously expanded to become the symbol of the vastness and richness of life.

THE LIGHT OF GOODNESS

The modern world is a vast complexity; to every rule there seem to be a thousand exceptions, against every rational interpretation of life an army of objections mass themselves in solid phalanx. To state any

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proposition is to evoke an insistent challenge, to make any affirmation is to loosen an avalanche of denials. To one who reads the letters from readers to whom the newspapers now open their columns the whole moral world appears to have been dissolved into formlessness. The man who has the blood of his fellow on his hands, if he makes a fight for his life, becomes a popular hero, crowds cheer him at railway stations, women press flowers upon him and beg for his autograph. The woman taken in adultery is no longer stoned; she becomes the heroine of what is called in unconscious irony a "soul romance," and cheap violators of the primary rules of decency are given space in many newspapers denied to great discoveries and noble moral achievements.

In this chaos of opinion, this vast moral confusion, the life of a good man or woman runs like a line of light. It is like a trail through the mountains; clouds and mist do not obscure nor does night obliterate it, for the good man holds a light in his hand which shines at his feet and makes the most dangerous places safe. He may see only the next step, but that is all he needs to see. "A charmed life old goodness hath;" science may tell it of abysses yawning beside the path and blinding storms whirling in the mountain passes; philosophy may strip its way of justification by any law of reason; psychology may declare that the hand which holds the light has neither strength nor steadfastness; the cynic, who "knows the price of everything and the value of nothing," may sneer at the waste of effort, the futility of the journey, in seeking a goal which shines only in the dreams of enthusiasts and optimists; and yet goodness remains the great reality in life. Philosophy may falter and science fail, but the good man stands justified. It may be impossible to trace a path through the chaos of life, but he not only finds but walks in it to the end. He may not be a thinker, but he "justifies the ways of God to men;" he may formulate no theory of life, but he proves the moral order of the life that now is and carries with him as he passes out of the western gates the assurance of the life which is to come.

Such a man died the other day, and his friends are suddenly aware that a light has vanished from their way. It has not gone out, but it has gone on; the luminous cloud in the western sky, which is a mystery, but a mystery of light, has a steadier glow, a kindlier radiance, for the radiance of a good life is a diffused glow which rests on all things like a tender twilight. He was the soul of integrity, which is goodness organized in character, and the source unfailing of light. A good man escapes the confusion with which sophistication baffles and defeats the man of good impulses not yet become steadfast purpose; he does not stop to debate, to balance the arguments, he pushes straight forward.

A young man, since widely known in public affairs, entered the legislature of his State at a time when two "bosses" seemed to hold the fortunes of all young men in their hands. He was asked later if it was hard to keep a straight course under such conditions. His answer was, "Yes, it is hard for two weeks; after that it is perfectly easy. As soon as it is discovered that you cannot be frightened or driven or bought, it is as simple as any other kind of straight living."

Integrity has a wonderful simplicity; it has no devices, no subtle methods, no occult wisdom; it walks straight on and baffles those who try to discover the secret of its influence, because it has no secret.

The good man who died the other day was the very soul of simplicity. He seemed to have escaped from that burden of self-consciousness which weakens so many men and saps the vigor of so many women. He rang true whenever temptation or appeal touched him, but he claimed nothing and assumed nothing; people gladly gave him what his spirit and character evoked though he was silent. He was so far from any kind of pretension that those who value people not by what they are but by what they demand might have passed him by; but those who knew him honored him as one upon whom a rare and beautiful distinction rested. For he was unspotted from the world, and companionship with him was walking in the light. He did not pass unnoticed through life, for universal confidence expressed itself in public honors; and if he had been ambitious or willing to surrender the freedom of his integrity, he might have gone far.

At the very end heavy burdens were laid upon him—diminishing prosperity, loss of a companionship akin to his spirit in strong integrity and unshakable courage, and the oncoming of blindness. But with the tide ebbing from his feet, the loneliness of sorrow closing about him, the fading of the world from his sight, his spirit remained free, undis-

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mayed, beautifully tender and sweet. Life was receding from him like an outgoing tide, and night was coming on; but for him there was neither dismay nor confusion. Through the gathering gloom he walked serenely on as he had walked the path when it was steep and the sun beat on it.

To such as these are many rewards: the love of children deepened by reverence and heightened by honor, and the devotion of friends strong in loyalty and beautiful in tenderness; but below and beyond all other rewards the confirmation of the faith of those less serenely confident, the clearing of the vision of those less securely anchored by integrity, the quiet outbreathing of courage, cheerfulness, and confidence in the reality of the victory of the spirit over time and change. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

EX-AMBASSADOR HERRICK ON THE WAR

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OUTLOOK

TO a little group of people resting at Virginia Hot Springs the Hon. Myron T. Herrick, ex-Governor of Ohio, and formerly United States Ambassador to France, spoke for more than an hour one evening lately of his experiences in Paris at the beginning of the European war, and expressed his opinion as to what was the most effective thing the United States could do in the present crisis, incident to Germany's reply to President Wilson's note, to secure life and property rights for her citizens as neutrals. It was Mr. Herrick's first acceptance since his return to America of an invitation to speak on the war (and he had received several hundred, which up to this time he had consistently refused).

In speaking of the anticipated siege of Paris last fall, Mr. Herrick said that, when he asked the Foreign Office the first of September if the Government would go, and the reply was that it would probably leave Paris, he made up his mind to stay. He cabled to Washington, saying that Germans, Austrians, and those of other nationalities were in his charge, and asked if he should remain. President's Wilson's reply was that he must use his own judgment.

His decision to stay influenced the Spanish Ambassador and the Norwegian Minister Plenipotentiary to remain also, and on September 2 he received the official thanks of the French Government for the attitude he had taken.

"I thought," said Mr. Herrick, simply, "that in a state of siege, aside from the good moral influence it would have, the fact that the American Government was represented might be a restraining force that would help in saving works of art whose destruction would be a loss to the whole world as well as to France."

Mr. Herrick spoke with pride and appreciation of the work done by the American Ambulance Hospital, the beginning of which rose out of the lack of harmony at that time between the three separate Red Cross organizations in Paris. Responding to the appeal of the Ambassador, Americans living in Paris, many of whom had up to that time interested themselves chiefly in the pleasurable phases of life, promised to stay and help with strength and money; and, actuated by humanitarian motives alone, this work, he said, has touched the hearts of all the nations more than anything America has done.

"We are more up to date in our hospital work than any other country, and our method has finally been taken up along six hundred miles of hospital lines. I was talking the other day in Boston with Dr. Cushing, the American surgeon who, since the beginning of the war, has won the Victoria Cross, and he mentioned that the cost per patient in the foremost hospital in Cleveland has been cut down to $2.50 per day; the cost in Bellevue Hospital, New York, is $1.80 per day per patient; while the cost of the American Ambulance Hospital has been brought down to $1.30 per day per patient, which has proved American efficiency and organization."

Mr. Herrick told of the quiet joy at the early French victories, then of the despair mingled with exultation that came with defeat, giving place, finally, to the conviction that neither husbands nor sons weighed in the balance with cause and country. "It is the spirit that swayed France in 1870," said he, "and that

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animated the colonists in 1776, and it is a difficult spirit to defeat.

"As some one else has said," he exclaimed in closing, "'the light of Europe has gone out and the torch has been handed down to us.' Are we to subordinate ourselves and hold it aloft for their guidance and help, or will we use it to kindle fresh animosities?

"I have been thinking"—and he reiterated this next day in conversation with the writer—"of what is the most effective thing that can be done in this crisis, and it seems plain to me that all neutral nations should join together and demand of Germany what is right for the protection of life and property."

Other comments of note made on this occasion by Mr. Herrick and reported in the New York "Times" were as follows:

"In this war the nations are divided into two classes, the belligerents and the neutrals, and the belligerents are assuming certain prerogatives, or privileges, which not alone are contrary to international law, but are forgetful of the life, liberty, and property of the neutrals, who are not now prepared, as in the old days, to redress instantly the wrongs of their citizens, or enforce their rights, but are none the less determined upon their protection wherever they are within their rights. And in this contention the course of the United States is that of every other neutral nation. Therefore, in the insistence of the United States upon such rights, why should not all other neutral nations join and co-operate with her to the very end, whatever that end may be?

"Their interests are common interests in more ways than ever before, and these interests will not be safeguarded by the belligerents or by chance, but it is axiomatic now in the minds of all Americans that the recognized rights of our country must and will be respected."

NOT NEUTRAL, BUT INDEPENDENT

I have read The Outlook for fifteen years with pleasure and profit. You always appeared to me to attempt to give both sides in your dealings with prominent questions of the day. It was this broad treatment that appealed to me. I was in hopes that you might continue in this spirit in your treatment of the war, but as time goes on I find your attitude more and more that of a pleader for one side. This is particularly evident in the first three pages of the issue dated July 7, the first page of the following issue, and the two editorials in these issues entitled "For Americans Only" and "The Present Danger to Americans." There is no surer way to arouse racial hatred in this country than that which you have followed especially of late.

In accord with your presentation, the cause of the war lies *wholly* with the Germans; they are insane, bloodthirsty barbarians. Among the combatants they are the only ones who ever violated a law; and you, among American citizens, are the only one fit to judge. For a sane American to in any way support the Germans is treason. On the other hand, everything the British do is, in your eyes, apparently just and honorable. You even attempt to excuse their interference with American cargoes. When the Germans raid an English town and kill noncombatants, it is murder; when the British do the same thing in Germany, you don't even so much as mention it. You accept the findings of the British investigations of German atrocities in Belgium and enlarge upon the matter at every opportunity, but you don't even so much as mention the Russian atrocities. You continuously accuse the Germans of making war on women and children, but never hint at the fact that England murdered over twenty-six thousand women and children in the Boer War. You continuously damn Germany for her actions in Belgium, and as continuously laud the wonderful improvement in the Transvaal under British rule, forgetting that it might be possible for Germany to make similar improvements in Belgian civic affairs. Judging from your present attitude, your attitude during the debate of the Panama Canal tolls question and the question concerning the development of our merchant marine, I should not be surprised to hear you advocate annexation of America to Great Britain.

I do not object to your opposition against lawless actions of Germany in Belgium, or on the sea, or anywhere else, for that matter; but I do most strenuously object to your passing as a *neutral* while presenting but one side of prominent questions concerning this war; and I do not intend to support such hypocrisy. If it is your plan to continue as you have in the past few weeks, cancel my subscription at once.

S. O. MAST,
Associate Professor of Zoölogy,
Johns Hopkins University.

Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

The fact that the writer of the foregoing letter is a professor at Johns Hopkins University entitles it to respectful consideration,

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although we confess it is difficult to be respectful to a man who calls you a hypocrite.

The Outlook is not neutral in the present war, has never professed to be neutral, and has never approved of President Wilson's appeal to the American people to be neutral in their hearts. In war neutrality is purely a governmental function. Individual American citizens have yet preserved to them, we are glad to say, the right to express their individual opinions.

One reason why The Outlook is opposed to Germany in the present war is because it believes that, if Germany succeeds in imposing her theory of government upon the rest of the world, this most precious right of free thought and free speech will be lost to America.

If The Outlook seems to be sympathetic with England in her present contest with Germany, it is because the battle for the freedom of the mind was first fought and won in England. If our correspondent would like to have a brief and stirring account of the English fight for the freedom of the mind, let him read Macaulay's "Essay on Milton"—the essay of a British aristocrat writing in praise of one of the greatest and purest democrats of history. From that essay we quote the following passage:

> That from which the public character of Milton derives its great and peculiar splendor still remains to be mentioned. If he exerted himself to overthrow a forsworn king and a persecuting hierarchy, he exerted himself in conjunction with others. But the glory of the battle which he fought for the species of freedom which is the most valuable, and which was then the least understood, the freedom of the human mind, is all his own. Thousands and tens of thousands among his contemporaries raised their voices against ship-money and the Star Chamber. But there were few indeed who discerned the more fearful evils of moral and intellectual slavery, and the benefits which would result from the liberty of the press and the unfettered exercise of private judgment. These were the objects which Milton justly conceived to be the most important. He was desirous that the people should think for themselves as well as tax themselves, and should be emancipated from the dominion of prejudice as well as from that of Charles.

No one admires more than we do the achievements of German scholars and of the German people in the field of applied science; but we believe the prevailing German philosophy of government and of political right and wrong is to-day wholly erroneous and terribly dangerous, since it is espoused with incomparable determination and physical strength.

The Outlook shares with Professor Mast his detestation of race prejudice and hatred. We do not hate the Germans, but we do hate the philosophy of government for which they are fighting. If the principles enunciated by the fathers of this Republic in their famous Declaration of Independence and in their equally great Constitution are right, the principles espoused by the military and bureaucratic class in Germany are wrong. The question of the comparative evil of Russian and German atrocities, the question of the compafative welfare of the Belgians under independent government or under German rule, fades into nothingness when one grasps the fact that the great question is whether Germany shall succeed in establishing the doctrine that in government might makes right.

We say again, what we have said more than once before in the pages of The Outlook, that the defeat of Germany in the present war means, not only the salvation of international freedom, but the very salvation of Germany herself.—THE EDITORS.

SAFETY FIRST IN POLICE WORK

THE small boy thinks of a policeman as a man to be feared, a big man with a club. This view-point most of us never outgrow. The punitive aspect of the policeman's official character is for most of us the predominating one. The valiant "copper" whose successful running fight with two gunmen is vividly described in our newspaper sticks in our memory, while the kindly bluecoat who helps us across the street every morning is forgotten.

As a matter of fact, however, more than sixty per cent of the work of the police department in any large American city is of a protective and preventive nature. A glance over the "honorable mention" and "commendation" lists of the Police Department of New York City, for instance, bears out this statement.

Acting Detective-Sergeant George L. O'Connor, for example, "while sitting in the Tombs Police Court, . . . noticed sparks

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issuing from a parcel under the seat in front of him. He at once picked it up, and saw it was a can wrapped in a Jewish newspaper. A burning fuse extended from one end of it. He ran with it to the door, pulling out the fuse as he went, and threw it into the street. It was a bomb of deadly proportions. The can contained black and smokeless powder and thirty loaded cartridges. It was stated that, had the bomb exploded, death or injury would have resulted to nearly every one of the two hundred people who were in the court-room at the time."

Patrolman Patrick Gilshinan won the Isaac Bell medal for bravery while still only a probationer "when he jumped into the North River at two o'clock one cold January morning and rescued Thomas Fitzpatrick, who had fallen overboard."

Among the patrolmen who received commendation John Rooney "stopped three runaway horses attached to a fire engine . . . at great personal risk because of the icy condition of the street." Louis A. Fick and Stephen M. Dunphy "rescued a number of persons from a burning five-story tenement-house December 24, 1914. In attempting to reach the top of the building Officer Dunphy fell from the fourth to the third floor, where he was found unconscious by Patrolman Fick, who carried him to safety." Daniel S. Leahy "caught a mad dog that had bitten five persons, rendered it unconscious with his pocket baton after the animal sprang at him, . . . and carried it to the station-house for examination and destruction."

These cases are literally taken at random from the police reports. There are dozens like them in New York and in every other large American city. Between the few lines of these reports, with their quaintly formal language, there is packed a vast amount of simple human kindness, altruism, and honest, uncalculating heroism. That is the best of it—the heroism is spontaneous. Of course the brave "coppers" have in mind the rewards of their dangerous profession, but no more than the conscientious newspaper reporter has in mind the thicker pay envelope that may come with the consummation of a "beat;" no more than the clerk, laboriously bending to his double entry, has before him the thought of the commendation and promotion that consistent and accurate work will bring him. Like Stevenson's English admirals, they do it mainly because they like it.

In their attitude toward medals and all such rewards they have the sane philosophy and delightful sense of humor of the wounded British Tommy in the trenches, who, when offered the back of a comrade upon which to be carried to the rear after his other companions, already retreating before the Germans, refused the proffered rescue, saying:

"Not much! You'll get the Victoria Cross and I'll get a bullet in the back."

The more citizens learn to protect themselves and to co-operate with the police in the protection of the public, the safer will be public life and property and the less arduous will be the lot of a policeman. Mr. Lawrence F. Dunham, Third Deputy Police Commissioner of New York, has recently established innovations in the Police Department which not only increase the efficiency of the man in uniform but make possible a good deal of policing of the citizen, for the citizen, and by the citizen.

For what seemed to be good reasons the "peg post" system, by which at certain fixed points in the metropolis a bluecoat could always be found, day and night, was done away with not long ago. This made it very difficult for the householder to get a policeman in a hurry. His usual recourse was to telephone the police station in his precinct and notify the officer on the desk of his needs, but frequently a considerable delay ensued before the man arrived. Furthermore, it has always been a difficult matter for the police officer in the station to reach the patrolmen after they have gone upon their rounds. Deputy Commissioner Dunham has taken a long step toward remedying both of these defects by the introduction of the "automatic peg post."

This is nothing less than a new police-signal post, with an ingeniously combined electric lighting and telephoning system. The post stands at street corners, surmounted by a lamp that can throw a light in all four directions, visible to a distance of seven hundred feet by day and twenty-five hundred feet by night. When the policeman on patrol in the neighborhood of one of these signals is needed, a lever is pulled at headquarters which lights the lamp with an automatic flash at four-second intervals. The patrolman, if he is going about his beat conscientiously and with proper circumspection, will see the signal within a very short interval, when he will run to the signal-post, take down a telephone from a box on the post, and learn what is wanted of him. Moreover,

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if a citizen wants to call a policeman, he can do so either by telephoning headquarters and having the signal lamp lighted from there, or by running to the signal post and pressing a button which lights the lamp.

There are eighty such posts in New York already, placed, mainly, at all ferries, railway crossings, and outgoing roads, so that if a crime is committed in the city within a few seconds the exits from the metropolis can be hermetically sealed by pulling levers from Police Headquarters. The number of these posts will soon be increased to three hundred.

This flashlight system has all the advantages of the old peg post system, with none of its disadvantages.

By means of these street lighthouses the precinct officers and the authorities at headquarters can keep tabs on every bluecoat in the force when on patrol. At the same time, since the men are now kept moving on their beats, their health does not suffer, as it did when they were forced to stand at windy street corners, day and night, summer and winter, rain, hail, or shine. Finally, criminals cannot now so easily keep informed of the whereabouts of the police as they could in the old days, when they knew that a certain number of men would be always at permanent posts like so many wooden soldiers.

Another Dunham reform is the substitution of cycles for horses for the use of all mounted patrolmen except those in the traffic squad. The area covered by these cycle men has been divided into districts, with two men to each district and a booth situated near the center of every district. One man is always at the booth, the other on patrol. In the larger districts the men have motor cycles, in the others they have bicycles. Experiments have shown that by telephoning to the central booths citizens at a distance of even a mile can always get a policeman to their homes within four minutes.

Our aim has been in this brief review to call attention to a form of police activity which is just as important as engaging in pistol battles with gunmen and burglars, and which constitutes a far greater part of the policing of a large city. There has undeniably been much corruption in the police of American cities, and it has seemed at times to some persons as if the capture of an occasional burglar or murderer was all that the police did as an offset to the corrupt practices of some of their number. Much valuable service of the police, however, which is "all in the day's work" with them, is overlooked by many citizens. The average policeman is honest and brave.

In a letter sent to Police Commissioner Arthur Woods after the police games and drill two months ago, Theodore Roosevelt, who was himself a Commissioner of Police before he was President, described the police as "self-respecting, efficient, and fearless," having the virtues most necessary for this Nation to possess, and deserving well not only of the city but of the whole country. This tribute is applicable not only to the police of New York, but as well to the police of any of the principal American cities.

THE TRAINING CAMP FOR A DEMOCRACY[1]

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM PLATTSBURGH

VERMONT had declared war on New York. The garrison at Plattsburgh, attacked by a superior force from across Lake Champlain, had found it necessary, after destroying such military supplies as they could not move, to withdraw into the interior of the country to await reinforcements from Albany. The invaders had sent a superior column of infantry and cavalry in pursuit, meanwhile using such other troops as they had available to gather food and forage for transportation back across the lake. Having achieved their purpose, the troops at Plattsburgh were withdrawn and the column which had driven the New York troops back along the Saranac River, finding itself confronted by reinforcements, was attempting again to reach the shore of Lake Champlain in safety by a series of rear-guard defenses.

This was the situation as I found it upon my arrival at Plattsburgh during the last week of the military training camp for students held under the auspices of the War Department. The Vermont army, represented by regulars with red bands about their hats, had been driven back to within twenty miles of

[1] See illustrations in the picture section.

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the Plattsburgh barracks. The student soldiers, more than six hundred strong, together with a detachment of cavalry, representing the army of the State of New York, were in close pursuit. In fact, though the countryside did not seem to be unduly alarmed, it was probable that within a few hours a battle might take place worthy of journalistic, if not of historic, record. Since there seemed to be no sign either of censors or of regulations for the control of correspondents to interfere, I started in a cycle car commandeered for the occasion along the State highway, down which the Red army was reported in retreat. Fifteen miles out from Plattsburgh there began the first signs of military activity, for lumbering down the road came the fleeing baggage train of the Red army. Strangely enough, the baggage train of the Blue army (representing the State of New York) came close behind the baggage train of the Red army, but they wore brown bands around their hats—a precaution, I was informed, which made them neutrals in the mimic war, a neutrality which seems to have been respected without regard to current precedent. A few miles farther along the road a farm-house, perched on an elevation surrounded by a rolling and partially wooded country, came into view at the right of the road. Behind a little rise of ground in the farm-yard a company of the Red army waited in safety and reserve. Still farther to the right, and some three hundred yards beyond, a long line of troops was posted behind a high stone wall commanding almost a thousand yards of the State road as it dipped between the hills. Nearer the road, and concealed behind a waving field of oats, other infantrymen waited the appearance of the Blue army. Behind such cover as could be found along the highway itself single soldiers lay prone on the ground, their rifles extended in the firing position on the right side of each protecting obstruction. Thus their bodies were in a measure guarded from the sight of the enemy and from his rifle fire.

Along the left of the road a thick cedar swamp extended until it met with a parallel highway some distance farther on, the only possible line of attack against that flank. At a distance of perhaps eight hundred yards stretched a low range of bare hills, across the top of which the State road came first into view.

I had not long to wait for the battle to begin. Beyond the woods at the left of the road a few desultory shots from the outposts of either army were heard. Then a dozen figures appeared silhouetted on the crest of the bare hill where it cut the horizon. Apparently the advance guard of the Blue army had located the Reds, and were attempting to discover their exact position. The single figures on the hill melted into a group, and then from the stone wall at the right of the road and from the cover of the adjoining oat-field broke out a rattling rifle fire. The Blue scouts disappeared, for even at a distance of eight hundred yards their officers knew that such fire meant probable (if technical) annihilation. Since the duty of the Red army was to act as rear guard, always falling back in good order towards Plattsburgh after delaying the advance of the superior Blue army as long as possible, it was their chief purpose from their present position to force the advancing Blues into an extended battle-line before they themselves were compelled to withdraw. This they had apparently accomplished, for, despite the ominous advance of the Blues along their left flank, an advance recorded in the steady approach of the sound of battle, the troops on their direct front were for a moment checked. Then began an advance of the main body of the Blue army, as businesslike an exhibition of the result of training and discipline as could have been expected from any body of volunteer soldiers. From the whole crest of the distant hill there broke forth a sustained fire that would have made the position of the Red army distinctly uncomfortable. Under cover of this attack, squad by squad of the Blue army rushed forward to a more advanced position. Thus their soldiers as they ran forward were in a measure under protection of the concentrated fire both of the line which they had left and of the new line which was in the process of formation.

From eight hundred to six hundred, to four hundred yards, the Blues advanced. The reserves of the Red army, that had been hurried from the safety of the sheltered ground at the farm-house in the rear to an advanced position along the road, were driven in at the double quick. The Red company posted behind the stone wall fell back along a little depression which sheltered it from the advancing and victorious Blues. The bugle blew, and the soldiers behind the oat-field, their ammunition exhausted and their position swept by the fire of riflemen covering the road beyond, tumbled over the highway wall, and,

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crouching under its protection, joined their comrades, now in full retreat towards Plattsburgh.

As a neutral observer in a war in which the rights of neutrals seemed to be more than reasonably well respected, I sat down by the side of the road and waited for the coming of the student battalion. It was not long before they had reformed in column and again taken up the pursuit of the retreating Reds.

As they marched by I had my first good glimpse of this body of student volunteers trudging along under the load of the full equipment of regular infantrymen in the United States army. They were browned by a month in camp, the last week of which they had spent on the open road. They had come some seven miles, and before their noonday meal they were to march some seven more. They had taken part in three combat maneuvers, requiring open-order attack through difficult country. They had done a harder day's work in physical labor than falls to most civilians in a year's time. Yet they were all cheerful, eager, and orderly. Out of more than six hundred who had begun the day's march but three had found it necessary to drop out along the way. They were as businesslike a lot of young men as it is ever one's fortune to see. The spirit of the whole battalion seemed properly expressed in the remark of one foot-weary youth to whom a suggestion was made that he might find means of conveyance in the ambulance. "I came to hike," he said, "and I am going to hike."

The Red army showed no signs of making another stand that day, so I followed along with the Blue troops until they halted by the side of a clear running stream for their noonday meal. It was an ample repast of canned salmon, tomatoes, potatoes, bread from the army bakery at Plattsburgh, jam, coffee, and milk which was spread before them. In good order they waited their turn before the open-air kitchen, each with his plate, knife, fork, and spoon. There was fun, but no skylarking. And when, after an hour's rest, there came the order to "fall in," they marched off as seriously and as promptly as though they had spent a lifetime instead of a month in the olive-drab uniform of Uncle Sam.

I parted company with them as they reached their camp for the night and were preparing themselves for a lecture from their officers on tactics and conduct of that day's campaign.

At six o'clock the next morning I again left Plattsburgh, in the hope of following the day's fighting from the side of the Blue army. Nor was I disappointed, for, with the morning mist still rising from the fields, I passed through the retreating Red army and joined the Blues as they broke camp.

Guarded by cavalry scouts and cavalry and infantry detachments scouring the parallel roads leading into Plattsburgh, the advance guard of the Blue army took up the march. For five miles, perhaps, they proceeded unmolested along the road, and then, where the turnpike forked, their scouts came in contact with the cavalry rear guard of the Reds. For a mile or more a series of advance and rear guard skirmishes followed; for the Reds were not in sufficient force to contest the forward movement of their foes. Each stand, however, which they made forced the deployment of the Blue troops to drive their opponents from concealment on either side of the State highway.

At last, where the road passed over a gentle elevation crowned with an orchard and a fence giving cover if not protection, the main body of the Red army was discovered. From eight hundred to three hundred yards the student soldiers advanced, taking advantage of what cover there was and keeping up a fire which swept the whole line of the enemy's front. The final advance took them out of a swampy pasture over a zigzag split-rail fence and across a level bit of mowing, until at last, with fixed bayonets, they charged and drove the Red troopers from their position. Their movements were executed with a precision which spoke more loudly of discipline and training than any account that could be given of the work they had undergone during the past month. The regular army officers paid high tribute to the spirit in which the students performed their voluntary labor. In return the attitude of these same students towards their commanding officers was a greater recognition of the respect and loyalty which Captain Van Horn and his associates had won from the whole battalion. It was a tribute which youth pays only to achievement and fair play.

A few hours later the student battalion marched through the streets of Plattsburgh on its way back to the little town of tents

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which had been for three weeks its home. It lay to the south of the military reservation overlooking the waters of Lake Champlain where a century ago the British flotilla under Captain George Downie was defeated by Commodore Thomas McDonough. In the pine woods fringing the northern edge of the camp a long line of earth covered with withered boughs and loopholed for infantry fire bore testimony to the trench-digging activities of the past few weeks. Facing the lake, a single three-inch cannon and its caisson bore mute testimony to the backwardness of the United States in equipping its troops with artillery, for this one gun, all that could be spared for the instruction of the student battalion, had been borrowed for the occasion from the Vermont militia! If the regular army had sent a single battery of guns to Plattsburgh, it would have taken one-third of all those under the control of the Eastern Department—a military division which comprises most of the States east of the Mississippi.

The afternoon of their return from their week's hike the student soldiers spent in preparing for departure and in returning the Government property loaned to them for their month in camp. Rifles received a final cleaning, bayonets were polished, and, with receipts showing that everything had been returned in good order, they filed before Captain Van Horn, commanding the camp, for their certificates of attendance and his recommendation as to their fitness for military service. Attendance at this camp does not increase a student's obligation for service in time of war, any more than a college education increases the legal obligation of a citizen to vote during a National election. Its sole significance lies in the fact that these students have done much towards preparing themselves to fulfill an obligation which the Constitution places upon every able-bodied male of military age.

That statement, taken at its face value, is, of course, all very interesting. What does it mean, however, when reduced to figures in black and white? It means that at this student training camp at Plattsburgh more than six hundred young men have received as much military training in the actual professional work of a soldier as a regiment of the regular army in garrison will receive in a year. It means that a large proportion of these six hundred young men have been measurably prepared to serve as officers of the half-million volunteers whom it would be necessary to call into the service of the United States upon the outbreak of any serious hostilities. More important than that, it means that the United States has made a beginning—for the first time in its history—towards the creation of a system of military training entirely in keeping with our democratic traditions and designed to prepare the best and ablest of our young men for the ultimate National service. The fact that six hundred boys have for one month lived under canvas, have spent one week drilling in close order, one week in open order, one week in target practice, and one week in field maneuvers is a fact of very minor importance if the story is to end here.

But the story is not to have any such incomplete conclusion. These six hundred boys who paid their own expenses to Plattsburgh, some of them from as far away as Chicago, who bought their equipment, and who put in a month of hard labor, represent, we believe, a very vital change in the spirit of the country. Going back to their schools, colleges, and home communities, they will carry with them a leaven of intelligence and information that will serve to lighten the doughlike blanket of ignorance which has so long weighed down all hope of reforming our time-honored military policy, which has steadily been a policy of incompetent extravagance. They have learned something of the political handicap which the army has been forced to carry through the short-sighted selfishness of Congress. They have learned through contact with these regular officers under whom they have worked and studied something of the high traditions of democratic service that exist in the army. They have learned the lesson, if one was needed, that a military force cannot be created in a day by even the most high-sounding of Presidential proclamations. When it comes their turn to control the political destinies of our Congressmen, they will be very much less liable to cast their ballots in favor of the man who can secure "pork" for their home community in the shape of a new army post at the expense of building a military system democratic in spirit and adequate for the needs and obligations of our National Government. The Congressman who votes for creating a fake army reserve, who attempts to interfere with military discipline by the political reinstatement of unworthy soldiers or of naval cadets discharged for

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cause, or who places partisanship above protection, will have rough sledding at the hands of a generation which knows the needs of the army at first hand.

With the departure of the college and high school students from Plattsburgh preparations have been made for the reception of more than twelve hundred business men from the eastern part of the United States. All that has been said in regard to the education of student soldiers will be true in regard to the political education of the older generation. One of the men who will enter the new camp as a private is Mayor Mitchel, of New York City. The fact that nothing but commendation has greeted the announcement of his intention of taking part in the work at the Plattsburgh camp shows how seriously the question of military training is being received. It is none too soon for students and business men to make arrangements with the War Department to attend the training camp in the year 1916.

HAROLD T. PULSIFER.

The Outlook expects to print soon an account of the Business Men's Military Training Camp

REBUILDING A CONSTITUTION

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM ALBANY

THE movement for a revision of the Constitution of New York was begun three years ago by the radical element in all the parties in the State, who realized that the Constitution must be changed before many of their progressive theories could be put into law. But when the time came for the Legislature to authorize a Constitutional Convention, the Tammany men then in control of the Legislature gave the plan their sanction, seeing in it an opportunity to further their own interests. And when the time came for the election of the delegates to this Convention, by one of those sudden shifts which make politics so uncertain and so fascinating, the radicals had been swept out, Tammany had lost power too, and a stand-pat Republican régime had been established. The machinery for making a new Constitution had been assembled, but the men who had hoped to steer it were dethroned and in their seats sat another group, hardly knowing what to do with their sudden power.

The machine leaders, the old-line bosses, however, soon saw their opportunity, and threw in the reverse gear. Then began that attempt to "put over" reactionary proposals like the proposition to work women twelve hours a day in the canneries and like the proposal of Mr. William Barnes, Jr., which would make unconstitutional all laws limiting the hours of industrial workers and establishing workmen's compensation and the minimum wage. Public indignation was aroused by this policy, and brought on the struggle between these reactionaries in each party and a constantly growing new element which saw that, if the Constitution as revised was to be acceptable to the people, and if the two old parties were not to fall before a revolt of reform, something must be done to meet the public demand for progressive legislation. Accordingly a far-seeing element in both parties put forth several proposals which, while hardly radical, are progressive. The gist of this programme is found in the amendments which would give the Governor the power to draw up a budget that can be reduced but not increased by the Legislature; which would introduce efficiency into the State Government by reducing the number of State departments from something over one hundred and forty to about eleven; and, finally, which would greatly increase the power of the executive by making all but three or four of the officers now elected on the State ballot subject to appointment by the Governor. In short, these reforms would inject into the government economy, simplicity, and the directness of the short ballot principle.

The main fight in the Convention will be waged over these three propositions, and it will probably be in full blast about the time the issue of The Outlook containing this correspondence reaches its readers. This fight has National significance, because it is

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bound to have its echoes in the other States of the Union, in none of which does the struggle between liberalism and Bourbonism in government ever cease, and particularly in those dozen or more States that are evincing a desire to effect changes in their own constitutions, either by convention or by more direct action of the people.

As already noted, three reforms—the transfer of budget initiative to the Governor, departmental reorganization, and the short ballot—stand out in importance from the more than seven hundred amendments that had been proposed to the thirty standing committees of the Convention up to the end of July. To these might be added a fourth—home rule for cities. And, as I have already pointed out, the clash over these measures has not been a party clash. The words Democrat and Republican have lost much of their significance in State politics throughout this country; but were a being from another planet to drop into the high, wide Assembly Chamber at Albany where the Convention holds its sessions he would utterly fail to understand these terms. He would see common qualities in the hard-lined, prognathic faces of the machine men of both parties and in the softer and spectacled countenances of the highbrows of Democracy and Republicanism, but he would be at a loss to understand how any of the latter could share party interests with any of the former. And, in fact, the cleavage that such an observer would see in the Convention is the cleavage that really exists. Democrats like Louis Marshall and Mark W. Potter have joined Republicans like Elihu Root, Henry L. Stimson, and George W. Wickersham in the effort to wring something from the more conservative, not to say backward-looking, politicians in each party, in order that the fruit of the Convention's labors may prove acceptable to the people.

Bear in mind, however, that there is not a real progressive in the Convention. The three delegates who are the spokesmen of organized labor—Richard H. Curran, James H. Dahm, and Patrick J. Tierney—are too narrow in their view-point and purposes to merit this designation; perhaps the man who comes nearest to deserving it is the former Secretary of War, Henry L. Stimson. The stamp of property is on the countenance of practically every man in the Convention, as it was on the faces of those who framed the Constitution of the United States. Seventy-five per cent of the delegates are lawyers, most of them counsel for corporation "interests." Millionaires are common in the Convention. But just as the property class in young America in 1789 gave the country a pretty good Constitution, there is a fair chance that these men will do well by the people of New York. Hardly one of them is progressive by conviction; they are progressive for the time being by force of circumstances. But they see the handwriting on the wall, they know that unless they give the people some reforms their shrift will be short at the next election. They prefer giving a little to losing much. This is particularly true of the Republicans, of whom there are 116 in the Convention to 52 of the Democrats; and it was frankly admitted by Mr. Root, the President of the Convention and the leader of the fight for the simplification of government and the increased responsibility of the Governor. In advocating the short ballot before the Committee on Governor and Other State Offices Mr. Root said:

"This new plan should be our answer to the justifiable demand of the people for governmental reforms. It involves a remedy that will endure and stand the test of experience where direct primaries, the initiative, referendum, and recall, the clamor for which have grown out of a reasonable and laudable discontent on the part of the people with the imperfections and the vices of the present system, are nostrums."

Thus the struggle which gives the proceedings in the ornate Assembly Chamber at Albany its dramatic interest is the struggle within the two old political parties between the elements that hear the "clamor" of the people, fear it, and want to throw over something as a sop to stop it, and those who are so intent on pursuing their selfish interests that they hardly perceive the danger that awaits them. As the Republicans are in power, this conflict is most clearly drawn in the Republican ranks. With Elihu Root are Stimson, Wickersham, Jacob Gould Schurman, who is President of Cornell University, Frederick C. Tanner, who recently succeeded Barnes as the Chairman of the Republican State Committee, and most of the "aristocrats," the majority of them "down-Staters." The opposition is led by Senator Edgar T. Brackett, of Saratoga, noted for his hard hitting and for his picturesque oratory. With him are the shell-back Republicans from the up-State

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districts, the narrow-gauge, incorrigible party men.

Senator Root is a power that it will be hard to beat. His heaviest blows are struck behind the closed doors of committee rooms. The first two months of the Convention were devoted to the introduction of proposals and to hearing in committee the reports of experts on the subjects that the various committees had under consideration. During the following six weeks the committees digested what they had swallowed, and only since August 2 have their reports been coming in. During the sessions of these bodies Mr. Root was indefatigable, going from committee to committee, pleading, arguing, and threatening. By the time the first proposition was ready for its final reading before the Committee of the Whole, Senator Root was the supreme influence in the Convention. Mr. Barnes, who has been astonishingly meek and mild since his recent disastrous joust with Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, sympathizes with the efforts of the Brackett faction to defeat the Root policies, but he is too shrewd to let his sympathies cloud his judgments, and he has been making the way easy for a strategic retreat to the Root camp.

"The fight on the short ballot will be hot and it will beget factions in the Republican party," he said to me, talking, as he often does, with averted face and with little motion of the lips, "but I am sure the split will not be serious. It looks as if the Root crowd would win."

Senator Brackett, who suggests a composite portrait of Cassius and the comedian Eddie Foy, having in his countenance at the same time something of the gloomy truculence of the former with the elusive joviality of the latter, promises that the fight will be hard.

"The Governor already has too much power," said the Senator on the way to his seat beneath the center of the cross-beamed ceiling of the Assembly Chamber, "and I will fight to the end against giving him any more."

The division is not so evident in the ranks of the Democrats, but it will show in the voting. Robert F. Wagner, the likable Tammany whip in the Senate, who seems to be sleeping much of the time during sessions but who hears everything that is said, and who is an advocate of unqualified home rule for cities and a denouncer of the compromise measure brought forward on this subject by Mr. Seth Low, outlined his objections to the short ballot for me with his inimitable agreeableness. Mr. Louis Marshall, who defended William Sulzer during the trial for impeachment, is a prominent Democrat disposed to be progressive, while across the aisle from him another prominent Democrat, and one of the group of lawyers that prosecuted Sulzer, John B. Stanchfield, who chews, and chews, and talks not, gives little evidence of his feelings one way or the other.

On the whole, while radical suggestions have been few, and while the general tone of the Convention has been conservative, as the delegates are beginning to hold three sessions a day in order to finish their labors by September 11, the date set for this accomplishment, the prospect is rather favorable for the construction of a Constitution that will be a distinct advance on the present one—that is, for a Constitution providing for departmental reduction and co-ordination, for giving the Governor the initiative in budget-making, and for the adoption of a compromise short ballot, with perhaps the offices of Lieutenant-Governor, Comptroller, and Attorney-General continued elective in addition to the Governorship.

The great stronghold of the opposition to these measures, as of the opposition to home rule for cities, is in the small towns up-State. If these communities, who do not feel the evil effects of the present system of tangled administrative machinery and of divided responsibility of public officers to the people any more than they feel and sympathize with New York City's need to manage her own affairs without interference from Albany—if these communities continue to block the efforts of the more far-seeing delegates at the Convention to put forth a Constitution adapted to the present needs of the State, the people next November will rightly reject the entire proposition submitted by the Albany Convention. But there is a substantial basis for the expectation that the delegates at Albany will offer a Constitution which, while perhaps not a model of enlightenment, will nevertheless be a distinct improvement over the outworn framework of government constructed in 1894.

GREGORY MASON.

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"THE CONFESSIONS OF AN UNDERGRADUATE:" SOME REPLIES

*If the "Undergraduate" whose "Confessions" appeared in The Outlook for July 28 intended to provoke dissent, he attained distinguished success. Most of the letters that have come to The Outlook in consequence of that article take issue with its author. His confessions furnished the New York "Sun" with a topic for a scarifying editorial. His principal thesis was that college gives a man "incapacity for work." The habit of industry which he had acquired at high school by doing what he was bid he lost, so he testified, partly because his instructors were not inspiring, partly because college life offers a host of pleasant distractions, partly because he was not made to work, partly because the marking system has no relation to real achievement, partly because the social standards of the college are dominant and they are such as to make industry and even interest in serious matters out of fashion. We here print some of the comments that these confessions evoked from our readers. Other comments will appear later.—*THE EDITORS

FROM A FATHER

In publishing "The Confessions of an Undergraduate" you have brought to the attention of parents who are sending their sons to the larger universities, on account of the supposed prestige and the reputation that long years of successful work have brought them, the fact that disintegration has commenced and that dry-rot prevails where life-blood is supposed to exist.

The Outlook will do a great service to the large universities of the United States, as well as the youth of the country, if it will follow up the investigation it has started. You have lifted the cover from something that should have been ventilated sooner. Take it clear off.

Many parents who think they are giving their sons an opportunity and building a foundation for the future in sending them to college are simply sending them on a vacation of idleness that may spoil them for the rest of their lives. J. M. G.

Illinois.

FROM A PACIFIC COAST UNDERGRADUATE

In your Double Number of Wednesday, July 28, I read with great satisfaction an article entitled "The Confessions of an Undergraduate."

I myself am a third-year student in a Western university which is one of the largest in the world. I take it that this article was written of an Eastern university, and therefore hasten to say that the same evils which were set forth in it are true of our Western institutions, and exist in perhaps an even more aggravated form.

Between the social life, of which the fraternities and the dramatic organizations are the center, the political life (we have student government), and the athletic life, in at least one of which a student must take an active part to maintain the respect of his classmates, there is but little time for study, and, as a matter of pure fact, there need be little, for to get an A.B. is merely a question of artful dodging—of the difficult courses.

One does not have to go to college long to learn that the real student is a doubtful quantity, a dim figure in the far background of college life, who gets little respect from his professors and none whatever from his so-called fellow-students. The intricate maze of "student activities" absorbs the major part of the time of ninety per cent of the students. I myself am working overtime doping out the "easiest way" so that I may maintain my present "ultra-active" part in dramatics; and I am only one of thousands in the same side-show of inefficiency rubbed to a fine polish.

California. P. D. S.

A BIT OF ADVICE

The "Undergraduate" was unquestionably *sent* to college, and there is every evidence that he did not pursue his studies conscientiously.

It would be well for the "Undergraduate" to *go* to college at some institution of unquestioned standing. Let him make up a total of five credits from the following supplementary curriculum:

(*a*) Complete four years' work in three years—two credits.

(*b*) Earn one-half or more of his expenses—two credits.

(*c*) Excel in two branches of athletics—one credit.

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(*d*) Represent his college in inter-scholastic debate or oratory—one credit each.

(*e*) Excel in dramatics, journalism, student organizations, or politics—one credit each.

This is not the wail of a so-called educator who finds himself wounded by the well-aimed thrusts of the "Undergraduate," but the suggestions of a man in business who *went* to college at the age of twenty-three, and who earned one-half of his expenses and is still repaying his father for the other one-half. He represented his Alma Mater in debate, and in a piece of undergraduate research work won a high National honor both for her and for himself. He had all too many instructors who gave him no more than they were paid for giving him, but when he found himself caught in a trap of that sort he always neglected the course of the offending teacher and devoted the time to student activities. This saved him from ever having time hang heavily on his hands, and, withal, he graduated with a decent scholarship record. Although he was elected to the most coveted honor society in his college, it never occurred to him that the election was a successful culmination of his efforts. He rather considered that success in a number of departments of student activity was the reason for his election.

Perhaps the "Undergraduate" would find it hard at first to enter the freshman class of 1919, but he owes it to himself to do so, and after the sophomores shall have helped him to submerge himself he should find it quite the most delightful experience of his life.

Illinois. A GRADUATE.

FROM A MOTHER

I venture to hope that The Outlook may be willing to accept the views of a mother of undergraduates. When my two sons went to college, two years apart, the one and only advice given them by post-graduates was to go easy on work, to make friends, to take the course requiring the minimum of work, to try and "make" certain desirable clubs. And when I protested that I thought some study and some ambition to stand high or work for special honors were valuable, I was severely told that my sons went to college to learn to know life (whatever that may mean), not to grub among books. They went to college well prepared, full of enthusiasm on various subjects, interested in many things of general interest, keen, lively, wide-awake boys. They came out at the end of four years, having stood well in their studies with hardly a stroke of work, one of them blasé, indifferent, weary, with every spark of enthusiasm blighted; the other one more fortunate because the harm done was so much less noticeable. They had made their clubs, had not been dissipated, had kept fairly well within their comfortable but moderate allowances, and had kept their names on the honor list (I believe it is called). It never has seemed to occur to them to pretend that they learned anything. What your writer says about "doing no more than the minimum," about "by their [the professors'] lack of interest they effectually check all possible enthusiasm," that "the life in most cases, although quite innocent, is futile and enervating," is appallingly true.

In my experience of trying to educate two fatherless boys I can think of nothing more discouraging than the attitude taken invariably by the many fathers whom I have consulted about my sons. It was always the same answer from the time they were little boys: "Don't let them work too hard; don't let them take the unnecessary studies, such as music, art, languages, literature;" and always the same refrain, "They go to college to learn to know life, not to work." No mother alone can fight against such an overwhelming tide of opinion.

I earnestly hope that the "Confessions of an Undergraduate" will be the starting-point of a movement towards the higher education in the form of a more profound respect for learning, and perhaps even more respect for that mental training which is so valuable to all men in after life, and which cannot exist if every obstacle in the way of learning is removed by an indulgent parent or an easy-going teacher. A MOTHER OF SONS.

THE CONFESSION OF A MECHANIC'S SON

Consider this case, if you will—an actual one, for it is my own. The son of an ordinary mechanic desires to go to college, not for the mere sake of going to college, but in order that he may better prepare himself for earning his living, as he thinks. He is the very first one of his family who has ever broken away from industrial pursuits to take up the professional. Naturally, his family opposes his collegiate aspirations. He goes, however, and after four years of college training he does not consider the time ill spent.

While in high school this same mechanic's

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son had a hint dropped to him which he has ever since found to be of service. It was this: in college, if one really wants to get something out of his course, he must not wait to be led by the hand to his task. Such leading is a secondary-school method. This mechanic's son took the hint, and succeeded in working from eight to ten or even twelve hours a day during the college year on his academic duties. He thumbed many a catalogue and read longingly of courses offered; he discovered some "padding" here and there in his own college catalogue, but he can truthfully say, having known the heads of several departments of instruction, that their catalogue announcements were sincere and were carried out. Yes, this mechanic's son was accustomed to do as he was bid in secondary school, and he did a little independent, "government work," as mechanics call it, in addition, when in college.

He soon discovered that he could do more than a minimum of work, and do it with a good grace. And he found plenty of encouragement in so doing. Further, he found it an excellent plan to co-operate, sometimes anonymously, to be sure, with the instructors, and then the mere class-room exercises and lectures were as guides or sign-posts to outside work. He does not say, of course, that all his instruction was most inspiring, but he does say that it all seemed sincere, and that sincerity went a long way toward making the work interesting. Neither would he go so far as to say that "the diversions of college life almost inevitably lead a man to reduce his studying to a minimum." If a man really wants to take his environment so much to himself, he can do so, but the collegiate environment does not inevitably lead to such a small amount of work. Granted the college environment is easy—alluringly easy to some—is it not a fine thing for a man to resist this ease just a wee bit? Oh, it is, and a man feels the better for it.

This mechanic's son is a Phi Beta Kappa man, and he would say that the privileges which this society offers demand some scholarship. But honors and Phi Beta Kappa are only privileges, and the man who will work only for a mark to secure these privileges robs himself. Your contributor was on the right track when he let his mere marks go in order to learn something of a subject that he wanted to master. That is a painful evil in colleges—a rigid mark system. For convenience in rating it seems to be necessary, but, unfortunately, so many sum up their knowledge in terms of some arbitrary sign and then consider that as final. So also with exams—they are a bugbear if a man lets them be so. It is safe to say that there is not a man who has ever been an undergraduate who can truthfully say that in his first year's exams he was not under a severe strain. Yet it is possible for a man after three years of mid-years and finals to get used to the ordeal. Exams may test a man's knowledge; they are supposed to, at least; but, like all other mere processes of dealing with men, they do not always work to the best advantage.

This same mechanic's son could say, then, that a college life does offer all the possibilities in the world for teaching a man to have a great incapacity for work; but, if the college is at fault for allowing this, must every undergraduate slip into the same error? It is an excellent plan to work during the summer vacation in a machine shop, for example, out among the iron dust, steel chips, and oil; to obey strict orders and rigid directions and acquire a capacity for work in this way. Then this discipline, along with some earnest work in college, need not make this incapacity for work the only asset a college can give a man. It will discount the importance of this incapacity business quite a bit. Even so far as the purely academic part of undergraduate life is concerned, the college can give a man something helpful. A college is a privilege, not a right, and, as all other privileges, can be used to profit or else abused.

And what does the social side of college give? That is the sad part that a man brought up under moderate circumstances has to face. Not only does independence of thought go in a student body (if it ever was there), but, worse still, that fine spirituality goes that so many of us hoped to find within college walls. It is not healthy to talk "shop" all the time, yet how pleasant it is to drop in on a group of fellows who are really discussing "The Socialists and the European War"! Time flies and thoughts come fast then. How very seldom we meet such groups in college, and even then how very seldom are these groups representative of men in all ranks in college! Yes, your contributor is very right when he says that there are strong social barriers in a college body (not quite so strong as Hindu castes, to be sure) which defeat the very democratic purpose of young men living together. It sometimes seems,

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as one surveys the whole American college field and talks with college men from various parts of the country, that this stimulating intellectual life among students does not exist. Still, there are occasional groups that conduct controversial clinics, and it is a distinct pleasure to run upon them.

So also with the spiritual tone of a college—in the last analysis a man can only admire any single college for its pre-eminent spiritual tone. The head analyzes—this is the purely academic part—but the heart appreciates. How repulsing, then, it is for some of us to see men of our own age losing their very personality in college. Yet this is only too true, and it is enough to make any man disgusted with the very name of college. It is healthy, of course, to doubt a bit, to analyze thoroughly, yet some of us regret the feeling that comes over us when we realize that certain eternal truths that we thought were for all time are slipping from us as a result of class-room truths. It is a consolation to know, however, that a few years in the outside world will restore them.

To return to the mechanic's son—he has almost completed his college training, and feels the better for it. Yet he realizes that the college is not all it is said to be. He does not agree wholly with The Outlook's contributor under the score of inability for work, but he does think that the undergraduate is correct concerning the social barriers, lack of independence of thought, and, he would add, this lack of strong spiritual tone in college life. This same mechanic's son, though he cherishes his college training, still respects, almost reverences, the fellow of his own age whom he meets on his way to do nine or ten hours of good solid work in a factory. This may be the old philosophy of labor and production still warm in his bosom, yet it is still there after four years at college.

College is only an experience; and what are all life's experiences but

"Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed"?

The student falls short, the college falls short, every one falls short of perfection. Criticism, if honest, is healthy. We college men have a great duty to ourselves and to others, and we cannot be led by the hand to it. To lead others we must be able to lead ourselves. We'll yet have a chance, by our actions and our work in the many, many years after this Commencement, 1915, to make up for what a college never gave us.

Connecticut. T. H. R.

A SUGGESTION

Many college students are at the intellectual stage where athletics, dramatics, or editorial work appeal to them as not only more interesting, but also more important, than the regular college courses. For several years the writer has worked on the assumption that all of the courses in the curriculum contain material that will interest the majority of the class if a way can be found to compel them to give adequate time to mastering the early phases of the subject. When this is accomplished, then athletics, dramatics, and editorial work assume their proper relations to the undergraduate's life.

The fact that students can get along with a small amount of daily study is the fault of the teaching. There are a few men in every faculty who assume that any response to a question is an indication of study and reflection. These men are the "snap profs." Their courses are crowded by those who have learned the art of bluffing.

The writer has found the following methods of value in compelling the majority of a class to secure that amount of information which normally produces genuine interest:

1. A regular *oral* quiz period, for which the large class must be divided into sections containing about twenty students.

2. Frequent unannounced *written* quizzes.

3. The announcement of a written quiz for a certain date. When the class is assembled, let each student write for himself and answer a given number of questions. After looking over the papers return them. This is an excellent recipe for use once or twice a year. I have frequently had students unable to ask themselves questions, to say nothing of answering them.

4. Let the class period be held sacred and devoted exclusively to the subject of the course, not used for the discussion of outside matters of any character nor omitted for athletic celebrations or exotic lecturers.

Nothing can be done for the professor who does not show an interest in his students or his subject. He constitutes a small minority in any faculty and should be pensioned and put in a museum, where he can carry on his valuable researches undisturbed.

A PROFESSOR OF COMPARATIVE
New York. ANATOMY.

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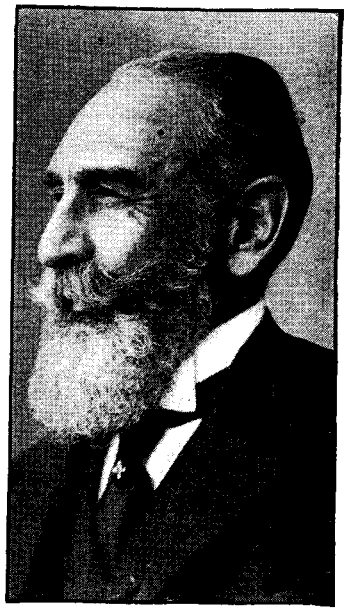
Current Events Pictorially Treated

ROMULO S. NAON
Ambassador from Argentina

DOMICIO DA GAMA
Ambassador from Brazil



EDUARDO SUAREZ-MUJICA
Ambassador from Chile

JOAQUIN MENDEZ
Minister from Guatemala

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM BAIN NEWS SERVICE

IGNACIO CALDERON
Minister from Bolivia

CARLOS M. DE PENA
Minister from Uruguay

THE CONFERENCE OF THE NATIONS ON MEXICO

Representatives of one Central American and five South American countries joined in a conference beginning August 5 at the State Department in Washington, at the invitation of President Wilson and Secretary of State Lansing, to consider the Mexican situation. The six countries represented were Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Bolivia, Uruguay, and Guatemala. Portraits of their representatives at the conference appear above. See editorial pages for comment

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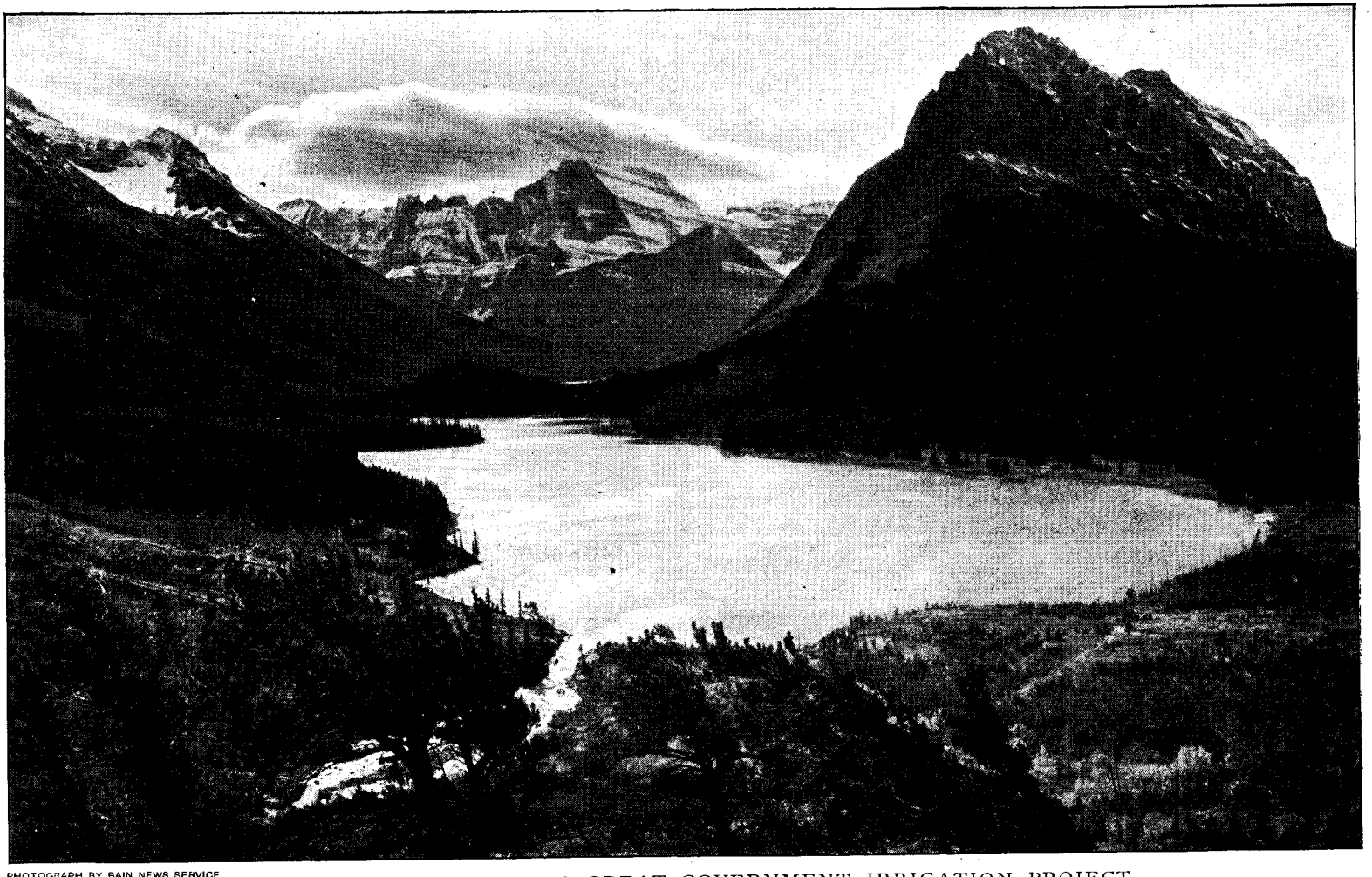

PHOTOGRAPH BY BAIN NEWS SERVICE

THE WATER SUPPLY FOR A GREAT GOVERNMENT IRRIGATION PROJECT

The Milk River irrigation project, which, it is reported, will benefit to some extent Canadian as well as American interests, will draw part of its water from Lake McDermott, Glacier National Park, Montana. This beautiful lake, shown in the above picture, is only one of scores of lakes included in this Reservation, which

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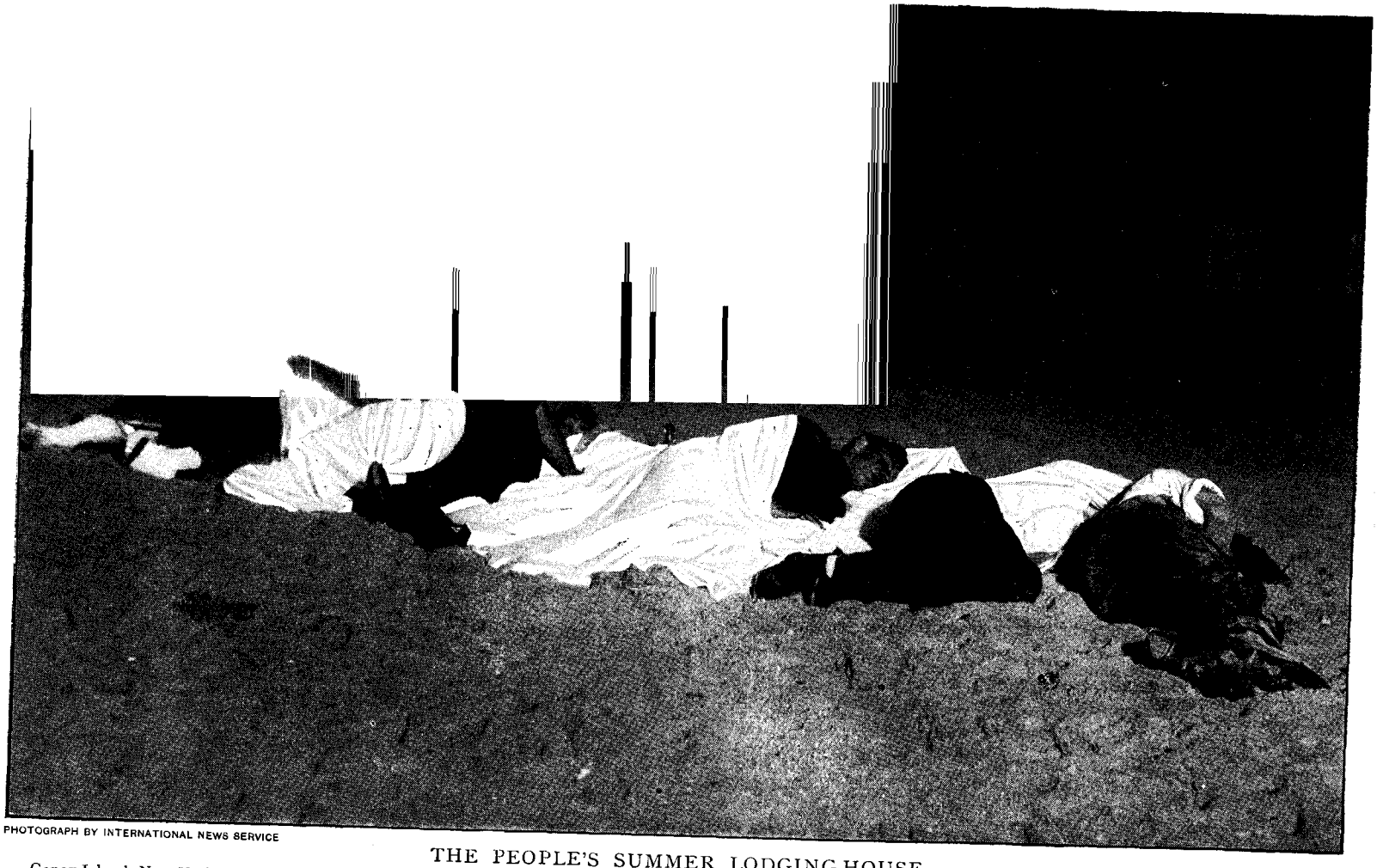

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THE PEOPLE'S SUMMER LODGING-HOUSE

Coney Island, New York City's popular seaside resort, attracted hundreds of thousands of visitors during the recent excessively hot weather. Many of these visitors stayed at the Island over night, preferring to rest on the sand by the sea to returning to their stifling rooms in the tenements

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GENERAL VON MACKENSEN

PHOTOGRAPH BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

PRINCE LEOPOLD OF BAVARIA

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

GENERAL VON HINDENBURG

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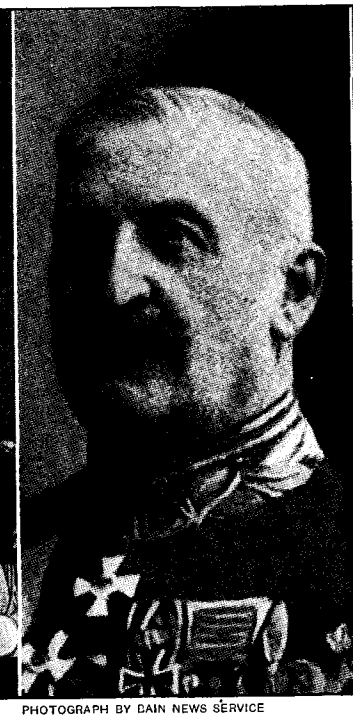
GENERAL VON BÜLOW



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GENERAL VON LINSINGEN

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ARCHDUKE JOSEPH FERDINAND

SOME OF THE KAISERS' CAPTAINS IN THE GREAT CAMPAIGN AGAINST WARSAW AND THE CZAR'S ARMIES

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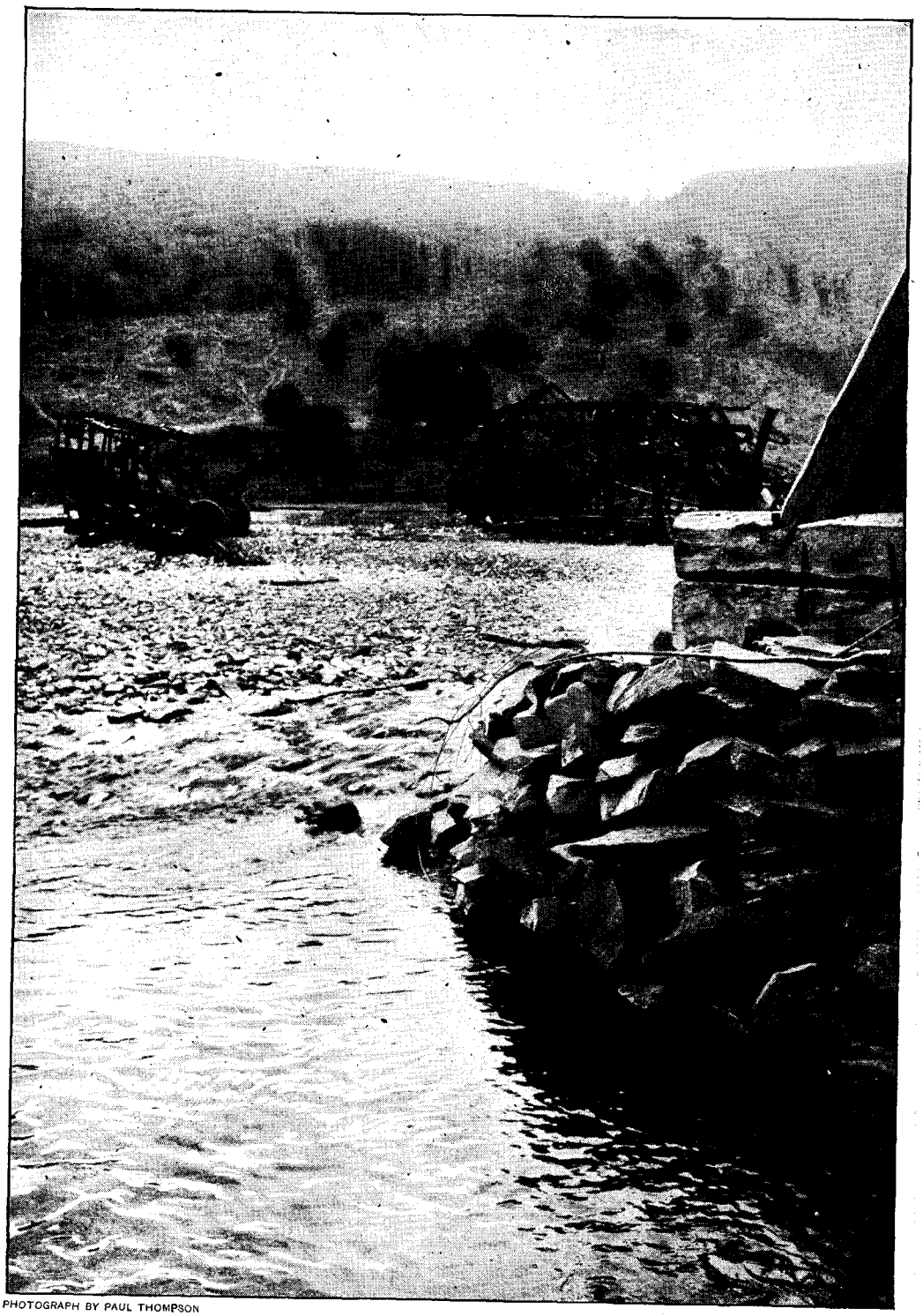

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

THE RETREATING RUSSIANS LEAVE NO BRIDGES BEHIND THEM

The picture shows one example, *not only of* the devastation wrought in Poland by the war, but of the calculation and coolness with which the Russians have effected their retreat in the face of the Austro-German armies which have been steadily pushing their foes before them. The campaign in Poland has furnished striking illustrations of the defensive value of rivers

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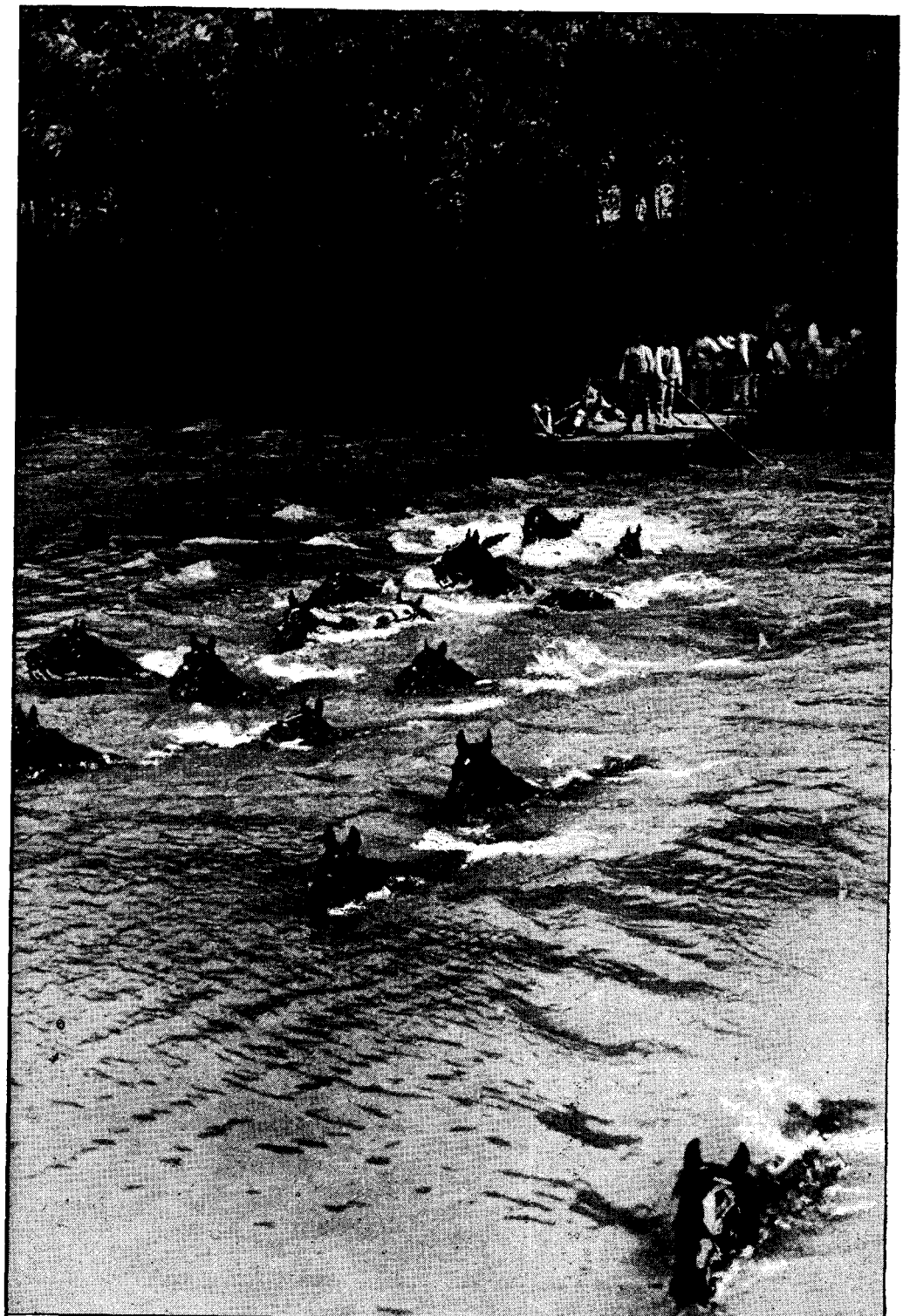

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

WHEN THE BRIDGES ARE GONE, THE HORSES MUST SWIM

The photograph shows French engineers, "somewhere in France," sending artillery horses across a deep stream over which the bridges have been destroyed

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LLOYD GEORGE ADDRESSING A GREAT PROCESSION OF ENGLISH WOMEN WHO ARE EAGER TO SERVE THEIR COUNTRY

A vast throng of women marched through the streets of London recently to demonstrate their willingness to enter the ranks of the industrial workers who are helping England to fight her battles. The photograph shows Mr. Lloyd George addressing the women from the garden of the Munitions Building

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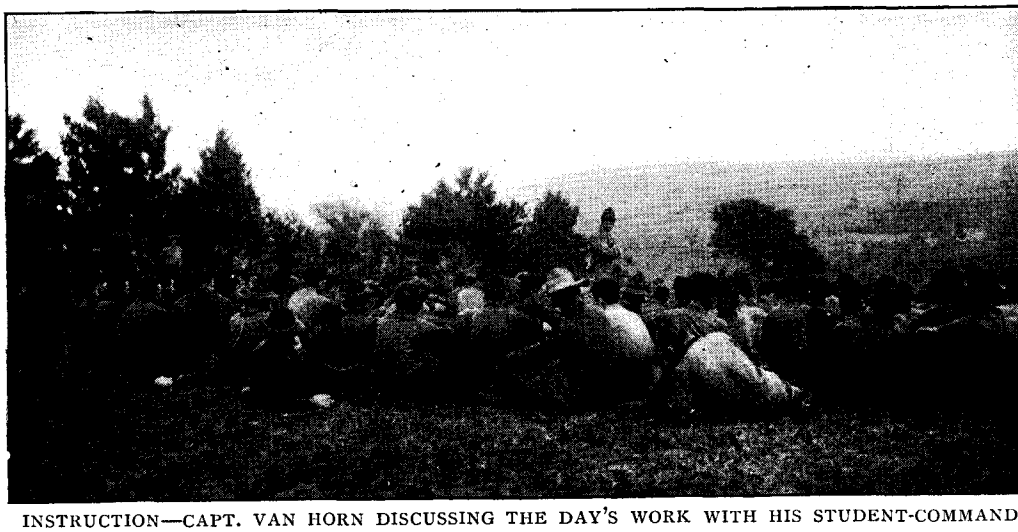

INSTRUCTION—CAPT. VAN HORN DISCUSSING THE DAY'S WORK WITH HIS STUDENT-COMMAND

DINNER-TIME IN CAMP—A SCENE WHICH BRINGS HOME THE TRUTH OF THE STATEMENT THAT "AN ARMY TRAVELS ON ITS BELLY"

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INSTRUCTION, FOOD, AND FIGHTING

Three important events in the life of a student-soldier. See editorial correspondence, "The Training Camp for a Democracy"

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THE ZEPPELINS OVER PARIS

BY ARTHUR BULLARD

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK IN EUROPE

ALTHOUGH I have not been to "the front," I have been "beneath." But it is necessary to begin with a disgraceful confession—I slept through the first Zeppelin raid.

Sunday morning, the 21st of March, I woke up at the usual time. But the *femme de ménage* did not come for an hour or more. When I reproached her for being late, she became indignant. Indeed, how could a person run the streets of Paris all night and arrive to make coffee at seven? I remarked that it was not becoming for a woman of her age to gad about the town all night.

"*Mais, les Zeppelins!*"

We glared at each other in hostile distrust. It was impossible to believe, she said, that I had slept through all the "*tapage*"! Firemen had dashed about giving the alarm. Bugles had blown in the barracks across the way. All the world had run out into the streets. Bombs had dropped. The forts had cannonaded the Zeppelins. I also could not believe that I had slept through all this. She dashed out and bought me a paper.

I could hardly believe my eyes; but all she had said was true. The Zeppelins had been signaled as they passed over Compiègne. They had reached the western suburbs of Paris a little after midnight and had cut across the northwest corner of the city. Altogether, they had dropped twoscore bombs, only a few of which fell in the city.

To be sure, the damage done by these air monsters had been insignificant. Many of their bombs did not explode. A number fell in the market gardens about the city and smashed up the glass globes under which lettuce was ripening. A tobacco kiosk on the Ile de la Jatte, not very far from the American Hospital at Neuilly, was blown to bits. The incendiary bombs were a failure. The firemen had no trouble in preventing any serious conflagration. No one was killed, and only a few were enough hurt to be taken to hospitals.

Not much of an affair, but still not the sort of a thing a newspaper man is expected to miss. I had been asleep at the switch.

I had to content myself with reading about it in the papers. The predominant note in most of them was of relief. Paris had expected a Zeppelin raid, and had feared that it would be very much worse. The Zeppelins had come at last, and neither their explosive bombs nor their projectiles of scientific arson had proved serious. And there was in the papers considerable self-congratulation over the calm with which the citizens had taken the nocturnal disturbance.

Some of the papers complained that the Zeppelins had escaped untouched. The official report said that four Zeppelins had been seen over Compiègne. Only two had reached Paris. But, as far as we knew, all of them had returned safely to their own lines. Why had not our anti-aircraft guns or our aeroplanes brought one of them down? There are always some people who have to grumble, and these chose this for a subject. One of the papers expressed it very well: "Our collection of trophies in the Court of Honor of Les Invalides is incomplete. We have German flags and field-guns and *Minenwerfer* and aeroplanes, but we haven't a Zeppelin. Last night they gave us the opportunity to complete the collection. Our aviators missed the chance. We Parisians want a Zeppelin."

Holiday crowds went out to the Batignolles to see the house which had been wrecked. The only "moral effect" of the raid which I could see was that the evening papers, which gave full details, were bought like hot cakes. Every newspaper had found some one who had, or claimed to have, seen the Zeppelins. These eye-witnesses agreed on only one detail—it had been a marvelous spectacle. The night had been beautifully clear. The anti-aircraft cannon of the forts had sent up shells which left a trail of fire like sky-rockets. From a purely pyrotechnic point of view, it had been better than the *fête nationale*. I left strict orders with the *concierge* to break in my door and wake me next time there was an "*alerte*."

Yesterday, the 22d, the spell of fine weather broke and it began to rain about five. All the aviation experts say that the Zeppelins need clear weather; but about nine o'clock in the evening an appalling racket broke out. How I could have slept through it two nights before I cannot imagine. The motor trucks of the fire department thundered through the

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streets, honking their horns to split the ear. In all the *casernes* and military posts of Paris the bugles sounded the "*Garde à vous.*" A hubbub started at once. Windows banged open across the court; the neighbors called greetings to each other and cursed *les sales Bosches.*

This time I was not going to miss the show. I grabbed my hat and coat and dashed downstairs. On the sidewalk I was reminded of that tongue-twisting exercise in French *liaison* which we practiced at school: "*Quand les pompiers sont arrivés tout était éteint.*" Two gaslights were still burning down the Rue de la Glacière. But a policeman, running, put them out. It was a dark night; not a star, hardly the faintest glimmer from any window—*tout était éteint.*

It was very weird; not at all like the darkness of a sleeping city. Every one was awake. Cabs were moving about with their lamps out. Now and then the horses' shoes struck dazzling sparks from the streets. On all sides people were talking from window to window.

"Are you coming down into the cellar?"

"No. But I wish they'd go away, so I could light my lamp. I want to sew."

"After all, the sixth story is too high. There is more danger up there. Come down here and I'll make you some coffee."

A joker from near the sky announced in a solemn, formal tone: "All tenants of the sixth floor or higher are invited to coffee with Madame Pataud, *entresol*, No. 18."

"*Ah, non!*" Madame Pataud protested. "That is too strong. *Pas tout le monde.* Only the inhabitants of this house are invited."

The *concierge* of No. 20, not to be outdone, announced that she would make coffee for all her *locataires* above the fourth floor.

Out on the Boulevard de Port Royal it seemed a bit lighter. The street is broader, and I suppose also that my eyes were getting accustomed to the gloom. There were a number of people on the sidewalks, and they were not hurrying. It was too dark to see their faces as they passed. Were they really unconcerned, or were they ostentatiously leisurely to hide their fear?

Clack! clack! clack! From up ahead in the darkness came the sound of some one in wooden shoes running towards us. It was a little girl of about ten. A stout *bourgeois*, who held a great umbrella over an equally stout wife, hailed her. I chanced to be close by, and could see them vaguely in the dark.

"*Voyons, petite,*" he said. "It is not worth the pain to run. Nobody is going to bite you."

The young body stopped indignantly and took up a bellicose position, her arms akimbo.

"Is it," she demanded, haughtily, "that you suppose I run from the dirty *Bosches?* Species of a pig! I have no fear—no, not at all. It is that I am in a hurry. *Maman* is sick. I go for the doctor, who has promised to bring her a baby. Therefore I run."

Her sabots clattered on down the boulevard. And from all sides, out of the darkness—from both sidewalks, from six tiers of windows—there broke out a joyous laugh which was a cheer.

"It is indeed answered like a grenadier."

"*Bonne chance à maman!*"

"Run fast, little one. Perhaps the doctor will give you a boy—to carry a gun against *les Bosches.*"

"And to think," the fat *bourgeois* addressed the living darkness, "it is perhaps that they will kill the so brave little one with their cursed bombs from the clouds!"

I made my way to the open place where the Avenue de l'Observatoire meets the Boulevard Montparnasse. A wide angle of sky is visible there. Perhaps the people I had passed on my way had been caught on the streets by the alarm and were quietly going home, as the Prefect of Police had advised. But the crowd in the space between the Closerie des Lilas and the Bal Bullier were out to see the sights.

And there was nothing to see. The heavy clouds hung low. They could not quite make up their minds to give up their treasure of water—it was only a drizzle of large and infrequent drops. I had left my room too abruptly to think of an umbrella.

The sightseers were of the regular student crowd of the Latin Quarter, only there were very few young men—and they were either in uniform or manifestly unfit for military service.

A policeman came along and urged us to go home. He was a very French policeman. He twirled his little white club and called us "*mes enfants.*" He enjoyed the disrespectful answers of the girls as much as they enjoyed making them. One poorly clad but very vibrant young girl of the Quartier summed up our sentiment:

"I would rather die here of a bomb," she said, "than be smothered in a cellar by the

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house falling on me. And, besides, I want to see a Zeppelin."

"Yes, it is so," a consumptive-looking girl who works in a laundry by day added. "We French—we are not afraid to die; but we do not retreat. As for me, *j'y suis, j'y reste.*"

The policeman admitted that this was a worthy and patriotic sentiment, but the Prefect had asked all good citizens to go home in case of an alarm.

"To stay here in the street—it is a *contravention*. And, besides, it rains, and you will catch cold."

This threat was his parting shot at us, and he went across the street to argue with another crowd.

We tried to keep up our spirits, but nothing happened, and a Paris rain will dampen even curiosity. Now that no one was ordering them to, several people decided to go home.

After a long silence a voice called down from a mansard in the Rue d'Assas.

"*Eh, là-bas!* Do you see anything?"

"Less than nothing. And you—*là-haut*—do you see anything?"

"Even less."

Then suddenly there was a clear note of a bugle. This time it was the "Cease fire!" call. The arc lights on the street spluttered a moment and then flared up. A red motor fire-engine came up the Boul' Miche. The grinning *pompiers* waved their brass helmets at us and shouted, "*C'est fini!*" We looked at each other rather foolishly—in the glare which hurt our eyes—and went home.

Lights appeared everywhere. But the conversation from window to window was no longer laughing. People do not face a great danger calmly and merrily without an exercise of will, an expenditure of energy. The nerves of every one in Paris had been taut for a couple of hours. Although the first Zeppelin raid had been a fiasco, there is no estimating the danger. It is possible to laugh at it, but not to ignore it. Any moment death might fall from the skies—the horrid, whimsical death of mere chance. I do not think any one has much faith in the Prefect's advice about going into the cellar. Even a small weight dropped from a thousand meters will crash through a good many floors. It is to avoid the excitement of a crowd—the possibility of a mob panic—that the police urge us to stay indoors. Perhaps the worst thing about the danger of the Zeppelins is the realization that there is no individual precaution worth taking. And all Paris had met this strain with a smile—and it had been a false alarm!

I was hardly back in my room and out of my soaked clothes when, about eleven, the alarm was given again—more raucous, more insistent than ever, "*Garde à vous! Garde à vous!*"

There were fewer people out this time. Only a half-dozen in the square by the Observatoire. And they were not laughing. The man-who-knows-everything was making a little speech. A fleet of twelve Zeppelins had been seen passing over Senlis at ten. A friend of his was secretary to the Prefect, and had received the telephone message. It was now eleven, therefore the enemy must be very near.

"But," objected the consumptive laundress, "why don't we hear the cannon of the forts, as we did before?"

The man-who-knows-everything could think of no explanation, so he became haughty. Very soon we would know he was right; we would hear the motors.

"A Zeppelin," he explained, with condescension, "has four motors of one hundred and forty horse-power. And twelve of them—that is some noise!"

And, as though to prove his point, we did hear the hum of a motor—growing stronger.

"There! there!" he said. "Listen! Am I not right?"

A wounded soldier tapped the ground impatiently with his crutch.

"What's the matter with the forts?" he grumbled. "Are they asleep? Why don't they fire?"

We strained our ears and peered up into the dark clouds overhead. The hum of the motor, growing ever louder, became a roar. A great military motor car, its lights out, tore down the Boulevard, passing us at a tremendous pace.

"*Voilà!*" said the girl; "there goes your fleet of twelve Zeppelins." But the man-who-knows-everything had slunk away in the darkness.

It was as silent as it was dark. There was only the patter-patter of the great drops of rain. A hunchbacked student, to cheer us up, began to recite:

"'*Il pleure dans mon cœur,*
Comme il pluie sur la ville.'"

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The crowd listened silently until he came to the line:

"'*Sans amour et sans haine.*'"

"*Mais, non,*" a voice interrupted out of the darkness. "*J'en ai assez.*"

And they all agreed that they had plenty of hate in their hearts. One voice after another, there in the dark, told why and how it hated the Germans.

"They are barbarians."

"Yes, they are savages. I hate them for that which they did in Belgium."

"And to fly like this over a peaceful city—to massacre women and children—in the night! I have hate because they are cowards."

"And impious. The Cathedral of Rheims."

"And, above all," a quiet, scholarly voice said, "I have hate against the eighty-three intellectuals who signed the infamous manifesto."

"Ah! If only the big sausage would break and fall on Paris!" It was a shrill voice. It was not necessary to see the face to know that she was a direct descendant of the women who sang the "*Ça ira*" at the foot of the guillotine. "Ah, if they would only fall, would we not hang the brutes!"

"*A la lanterne!*"

"They are even worse than in '70," an older voice said. "Truly, they are capable of anything. Killers of women and children! The refuse!"

"This time it is necessary to finish with them."

"*Oui. Cette fois, il faut bien en finir.*"

"*Oh! oh! Regardez, donc. Là-bas à Chantilly.*"

The flaming sword of a searchlight swept up from the Fort of Chantilly. Another shot up from Mont Valerien. In a moment all the forts about Paris had joined in the hunt. The strongest stream of light came from Vincennes. It was from that side that the enemy seemed to be expected, for there to the east the searchlights were most active.

Some of the lights beat about erratically; others searched the sky methodically. They were helpless against the dense, low-hanging clouds. Any air-ship at a fair height was beyond their reach. Only in a few places were there rifts in the cloud bank, and through these crevices the tongues of light shot up great distances above.

It was a grandiose, gorgeous spectacle, and thrilling. A man-hunt always is. Somewhere in the obscurity there were supposed to be men—men to whom none of us down below wished any good luck. All about Paris in the ring of forts there were high-angle anti-aircraft guns, ready loaded. If once one of those fingers of light fumbling in the clouds caught the glint of aluminum, a storm of shrapnel would be poured at the intruder. The Zeppelins are very big, but very fragile. Any second they might be discovered.

Generally my sympathy goes out to the hunted. But it was not so last night. My sympathy was with the men in the forts who stood tense beside their guns, with the man down there at Vincennes who so nervously, so eagerly, felt at the clouds with his long finger of light.

There is something inexpressibly hateful, insulting, about such an air raid. I do not see how even a German standing down below could have wished luck to those corsairs of the air.

I have always liked the French—the Parisians—but never more than I did last night. Their courage was of too simple a quality to have been put on. It was something which came naturally out of the reality within them.

When my *concierge* saw me going out, she remonstrated. Had not the Prefect asked all good citizens to stay indoors?

"Yes," I said; "and it was good advice. But I am a newspaper reporter, and I must go out and see what happens."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"It is your *métier*," she said.

She did not try to dissuade me from doing my day's work on the score of danger. That argument did not occur to her. There were four babies in her bed—two from the fifth floor, one from the sixth, and her own.

"Not much room for you," I said.

"No. But I must stay up and watch the house. It is my *métier*."

Her husband is off in the trenches in Champagne, where the fighting is furious these days. And it is also necessary for her to be a good citizen.

And even as I admired their fortitude I shared their hate.

After all, it is dirty business, dropping bombs—sudden death and the horror of fire—on a city of women and old men and children.

One can foretell the German *communiqué*: "A squadron of our air-ships succeed, in the face of grave risks, in dropping forty bombs

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on the fortified city of Paris." Yes. Paris is fortified. The Germans who were of fighting age in 1870 remember that only too well. No great city ever put up so heroic a fight behind its walls as Paris did in the last war.

The German legist will make much of the fact that Paris is fortified. There is no explicit international law in regard to war in the air. And the code for sea warfare permits you to bombard military works without warning, if you are in a hurry.

That was their justification for the bombardment of the English coast towns. In back of the bath-houses on the beach there were recruiting stations. These military works were what the Germans were aiming at. It was only hard luck that they missed their mark and killed some babies.

Such reasoning may satisfy the German General Staff, the famous intellectuals, and the German public. But it does not impress this particular neutral.

The men of France—the military force of the nation—are at the front, much closer at hand than Paris. Sneaking over their heads on a dark night and recklessly pouring burning kerosene and high explosives on the city where their wives and children live does not strike one as worthy of even the savage name of war.

The aeroplane raids of the summer before were bad enough—but not so bad. They came in the daytime. And when it is light one can at least pretend to be aiming at something. But to spill bombs haphazard on a darkened city is utterly useless from a military point of view. It is inexcusable outlawry.

So I sat there in the rain watching the searchlights beat the clouds as one beats a covert for pheasants, and wished them luck.

Towards three in the morning the activity of the searchlights died down. My unknown friend at Vincennes was the last to give up the hunt. The bugles began again to blow, "*Cessez le feu.*"

This morning's papers say that Zeppelins were seen from two different observation points traveling rapidly towards Paris. But they turned back before they reached the city. The official explanation is that the weather conditions scared them away. But there is a story afloat that the French aeroplanes got up promptly this time and had something to do with turning them back. There is even a rumor that there was an encounter in the air over Villers-Cotterets, where some bombs fell. Perhaps they bagged one.

THE LILAC LADY

BY EDITH RICKERT

DAN McCORMICK, strolling up from the Seine along a hilly street half in sunshine, half in shadow, and smelling of musty wine, sniffed adventure in the air.

To be young, in Paris, in April, with plenty of money, no cares, and nothing to do—was not that enough? And to have a girl—a nice girl—even a specially nice girl—coming from Cap Martin within the week to be made love to and given an engagement ring—what more was needed? But the girl was not yet come, and Dan's nose was keen for adventure.

Perhaps just because he was so sublimely confident of it, it was upon him before he had been half an hour away from his hotel.

The canyon-like street he was exploring evidently knew nothing of tourists. It was made up of shabby, ancient gabled houses, many of them with little *bourgeois* shops for the necessaries of life cut into their fronts; and it had not been cobbled evidently since the time of the Louis.

Few people were about; some fat women in calico skirts and blouses were marketing; a broom peddler passed calling his wares. Across the street in a wine vault, set out with great casks and lighted only from the wide street door, a group of laborers in blue blouses were drinking with their mid-morning lunch.

As McCormick stood idly watching them the breeze from a little cross-street brought to his nose the first whiff of the adventure—the wonderful fragrance of lilacs.

Lilacs—here? In the slums of Paris? Imagination! He stood a moment, sniffing,

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reluctant to dispel the illusion; then he turned and faced—the Lady!

She was coming down the little cobbled side-street, bathed in sunshine, her flowery skirts fluttering before her in the April breeze that had brought him the whiff of lilac. The blur of lavender and gold that she first seemed shaped itself into a slender woman with a pale little face doubly framed—first between two wing-like projections of flaxen hair, and then in some sort of wonderful picturesque flowery hat, not in the least like anything he had seen Harriet wear. To be sure, Harriet was a tailor-made girl. . . .

Well, to his unsophisticated eye the Lady looked as if she had stepped out of a picture; and she carried on her left arm a huge fancy basket full of lilacs, chiefly white, with just a sprinkling of palest lavender.

"I wonder what she's going to do with them?" mused McCormick. "Charity, perhaps? Some hospital? Or—she's got her glad rags on—maybe it's some sort of fancy-dress party; no—too early in the day for that. Maybe it's a wedding, and she's to be bridesmaid—that's more like it. . . . Thunder! *What* on earth ails her? What's she stopping for? Tears? She's lost her way, and I don't know enough French to try to help her!"

The Lady of the Lilacs had passed him with an abstracted air, hesitated, crossed the road, looked about her with a bewildered manner, up and down and across; then, seemingly not observing the man in the shadow of the wine vault, and thinking herself unobserved in the almost deserted street, had produced a bit of handkerchief and was furtively wiping her eyes.

The McCormicks never lost money by hesitation.

In three strides Dan had gathered all the French he could muster and, hat in hand, was making it toe the mark:

"*Pardong, madame—votre service?*"

She turned with a little jump, took a step toward flight that revealed a silver-buckled shoe, then faced the danger with wide-open, wet gray eyes.

"Oh! oh-oh!" she said, in a kind of frightened twitter, and nothing more.

The lilacs in her big basket seemed to be reflected in the shadows of her face, and she looked frail enough to blow away.

At that moment McCormick forgot that there was a young woman named Harriet in the world, and decided that he would see this thing through—"*Vot' service?*" he repeated, insinuatingly.

She blushed a little—decidedly she blushed—and made a movement with her big basket of flowers as if she had the impulse to get behind it and hide.

"You are lost?" he persisted, gently. He used, without knowing it, the word that describes souls in—the "Inferno," for example; but any Frenchwoman would get his meaning.

"*Mais non, monsieur!*" she said, emphatically, with a glimmer of a smile.

"Not lost, eh?" said he in English. "Well, but you are troubled—*troublée*—hang it! What's the word? Can I help you—*vous aider?* That's it—*aider?*"

"*Merci, monsieur,*" said she, primly, and made a little detour around him as if to get away. But she flung a glance back over her shoulder: "*Mes fleurs!*"

"Your flowers?" he asked, moving a step nearer. "Yes, what? Your flowers—lilacs—eh?"

She nodded: "*Oui, mes lilacs. Ne sont—elles pas très jolies?*" She caught up an exquisite spray and held it before him with an amazing rush of pink color in her delicate cheeks.

"*Est—que—c'est possible* [is it possible]?" she began, and stopped.

"Possible? *Anything* is possible!" he urged. "Go on."

She laid her right hand with the small spray against her throat, making an even lovelier picture, and her words came in a breathless torrent that he could not half understand.

"Say that again, will you?" said he, in English. "Say it slowly. I'm afraid I don't get you."

Her gray eyes were inscrutable; she looked as if she did not understand; and yet no extraordinary intuition was needed to cause her to repeat slowly what she had said before. This time he caught the word *acheter*—all too familiar in the ears of American tourists in Paris.

"'*Acheter*'?" he repeated, amazed. "You don't mean that you want to *sell* them?"

Crimson to the ears, she silently held out the lovely spray.

"Oh, very well," said he, fumbling in his pocket in a great hurry. "I'll take them *all*."

This time it was she who did not under-

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stand. He repeated his *tout-tout*, and showed a twenty-franc piece in his hand.

"*Mais non, monsieur*," she said with great positiveness. "*C'est trop* [It is too much]."

"Have it your own way," said he at last. "Sell me the flowers—I want them—and give me the change; what you please."

This was a wonderful speech in his French; afterwards he was proud of it.

It brought from her only a despairing, "But I *have* no change!" as if she had not in the least foreseen the contingency.

"No matter, then. Give it to me next time," said he in English, and began rifling her basket. When it was empty and his left arm was full of lilacs, he gently but irresistibly forced the gold coin into her hand and closed her fingers upon it.

For a moment he thought it would clink on the pavement. "*Mais, monsieur*—" she began, her eyes filling with tears.

Suddenly, beyond him, she saw something or some one that stopped the speech and the tears together.

She whirled up the two steps of a little bakery behind them that he had not noticed before and banged the door behind her.

He turned to see the cause of her sudden disturbance, and beheld only a small fox-terrier, nearly white, with a large black patch over one eye, chasing a lean yellow—obviously Parisian—cat up a water-spout. He ascended the steps to the bakery, but the clean little shop was almost bare—the Saturday baking evidently not yet done—and showed no trace of the Lilac Lady. No use pursuing her into the domestic life of the French *bourgeoisie;* he couldn't cope with their tongues.

He returned to the street. *What* had frightened her? A vegetable vender was slowly progressing, calling out his wares; the workmen were leaving the wine vault. Up the little side-street the lean cat sat washing its paws; the fox-terrier had disappeared.

Adventure? Where did she get those lilacs? Even if she had a garden hidden behind high walls in the heart of old Paris, the look of the trees said plainly enough that they would not be in blossom now! And why, in all her fashionable finery—to the best of his judgment she was most expensively dressed—should she be selling flowers to the first stranger she met on the street?

He was so absorbed in the mystery that he forgot to be embarrassed by his own appearance with an armful of loose flowers like a bridesmaid. He did not even see the amused smiles of the passers-by. He actually chuckled aloud at a sudden memory that Harriet hated lilacs, and would not have them in her room with her because they gave her a headache. Well, these lilacs were not for her; they wouldn't give him a headache unless he cracked his brain over the mystery.

The next day being Sunday, the foolish youth did detective work all the morning in the neighborhood of the wine vault, but without the slightest result.

On Monday he had word from Harriet saying that her mother wanted another week of the Riviera, and she had no doubt he could make himself happy without them (note the discreet *them!*) in Paris. She would scarcely have been flattered at the reception of her letter. With a sound between a chortle and a whoop, he was off again on the trail of adventure. Harriet was exactly the kind of girl a fellow wanted to marry, of course; but for an April morning like this she was a trifle too well regulated.

However, he patrolled the Latin Quarter until he was footsore, and had nothing for his pains.

On Tuesday he wrote six lines to the lady of his choice, and went out to post them, vowing that this should be the last morning wasted on a will-o'-the-wisp. Tuesday evening he all but wired Harriet to come on at once, with or without the old lady.

Wednesday morning he decided very firmly that he'd better get up some of the sights, so as to be ready for the Carters and impress them by his familiarity with the city. Harriet had never been in Paris. They'd be sure to want to see pictures and things, and he might as well be learning to do the martyr act gracefully. He upset his trunk to burrow out a Baedeker, and, having carefully located the Louvre, headed for it.

But so remarkably did he get turned round that at ten o'clock he pulled up short before the Lilac Lady, within twenty feet of the spot where they had met before, only this time he had already turned so far up the little by-street by which she was slowly descending.

It was a heavenly day, warm and still, and, early in the season as it was, she wore white; she still had the same great "blobs" (he inelegantly called them) of flaxen hair before her ears, and a different picture hat. Her girdle was gold-colored, and the lilacs heaped in her basket were of the huge, deeply pur-

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plish variety. Sweet? Oh, overpoweringly sweet!

Both stopped short. There was recognition, confusion—could it be shame?—in her gray eyes, so that McCormick felt warranted in raising his hat and awaiting her pleasure.

Her color came and went like April showers. She seemed unable to advance or to retreat, and extremely uncomfortable where she stood.

It was McCormick who broke the silence. "I hope you are going to let me have some of your lilacs to-day?" he asked in English.

As she gave no sign of comprehension, he laid his hand on her basket, with his most ingratiating smile: "*Acheter? acheter?*"

She drew it quickly away, with much head-shaking and rapid French in which the word *trop* was emphatic. Before he had succeeded in worrying out her full meaning, she was holding a gold-meshed purse—gold, mind you!—in hands that trembled, and was taking from it silver coins to offer him. What was that? *Change*, she said?

"I don't want your change." He brushed her hand aside, but not roughly. "I want to buy more lilacs."

Whether she understood did not appear. What was she saying? *Give* him more, then, to make up?

This was altogether preposterous, although his French was not equal to telling her so.

But still more preposterous was to come. She asked him to hold her basket a moment—quite definitely he understood that; and then, before he could guess what she meant to do, had vanished up an alley, through a doorway that became indistinguishable in a group the moment it closed upon her. No man, even in quest of adventure, could run after a woman, carrying on his arm a large fancy basket heaped with lilacs. So he had the flowers and his money too.

"There's one thing quite certain," said he, grimly, to himself, as he tramped away with his spoils. "If she doesn't show up about Saturday, there's some extra-special detective work going to be done in this city of Paris. Besides, I have her basket. Pray the Lord, Harriet and her mother stay away a few days more! I've got to solve this mystery or—bust!"

The more he thought about it the more it made him crazy. Dash the thing! There was no reasonable theory to account for the girl's actions.

"Let's get down to the possibilities," he said. "It must be a wager, or a trick to catch a fellow like me, or she's just plain dotty—and she doesn't act that way. If it's a wager, why does she try it a second time and then fly off the handle when I'm more than willing? If it's a trick, why did she skip off at the critical moment and leave me with my money? And where does she *get* the flowers? Does she buy them to sell and then— It's too much for me!

"And why just twice a week?" He knew very well that he had not missed her on the other days.

Saturday, then, was his chance; Saturday had to see this thing cleared up or he would know the reason why.

By Saturday the weather had gone back to March. A bleak wind blew up from the Seine, filled the eyes with dust, set hats a-rolling and shutters on the house-fronts a-rattling.

McCormick was early at his post, but no lady appeared; he walked up and down the little by-street, but she did not come to meet him; he paused wistfully by the alley where she had vanished through one of the countless back doors; but there was no sign of her.

At the head of the street ran a boulevard, and there, as he climbed up for the twentieth time, on the opposite corner, he saw her standing, irresolute, with her basket on her arm. She was dressed as plainly as a little wren, in some sort of brown stuff dress and brown bonnet; in the chilly air her nose looked pink, and her eyes were red-rimmed, either from the wind or from tears. But he thought she looked sweeter than ever.

As soon as he saw her she began to move away. Here were more people coming and going, and she might quickly lose herself in the crowd.

But McCormick was not to be evaded. He strode across the street under the very nose of an ancient cab horse, amazed to find itself sitting on its haunches to avoid murder, and had caught up with the Lilac Lady before she had gone ten paces.

"I have come," said he, with immense firmness, "to pay you for those lilacs and for the basket which I carried off by mistake." He had prepared his speech beforehand, and it went off glibly.

"It was nothing," said she, under her breath. "Do not speak of it, *monsieur*."

"Very well," said he, "provided I am

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allowed to pay for it. And may I buy your lilacs to-day ?"

" Any one would know," said she, shaking her head sadly, " that I am a foolish woman !"

He stared ; then, safe in her ignorance of English, admitted : " One of us is clean dotty for sure ; but are you going to let me buy more lilacs to-day ?"

He laid a coaxing hand on her basket ; she was about to withdraw haughtily, when her face, looking beyond him, grew suddenly frozen with terror.

Turning, he faced a small man in a big blue military cape and visored cap, under which appeared very little face except an enormous mustache projecting beyond each ear in a horizontal line, so mightily was it waxed.

This individual was voluble and fed his own fires of wrath as he talked. The Lilac Lady tried to put in a word here and there, but was obviously swept away by the heat of his flame.

A boy with a basket stopped near by ; then an old gentleman leaning on a cane ; two laughing girls ; in a moment there would be a crowd.

" Look here, what's all the fuss about ?" began McCormick ; and just as he spoke it dawned on him that the man was a *gendarme* —a policeman. " All the better," he said to himself. He was going to see this thing through.

" Look here "—he seized the official blue arm that was gesticulating outside the official cape, thereby drawing to himself an official attention not before vouchsafed—" instead of frightening this lady, suppose you tackle me. I stand for her—see ?"

It was all the more impressive being English and not understood, and emphasized by a big fist not too many inches above the official nose.

Another rapid fire of questions came from below the enormous mustache, and the Lilac Lady suddenly slipped her free arm through McCormick's and said to him, in *perfectly good English*, " Tell him you're my husband, *please !*"

McCormick's heart gave a great thump, and it was well that Harriet Carter was not there to see his hand close on the one that sought his protection.

" Why, certainly, I—I—delighted—I—only I can't think of the—hang it ! What *is* the French for *husband ?*"

Before she could prompt him, the official voice asked slowly and with an emphasis that made the sentence perfectly intelligible to McCormick, " *Madame—là, c'est votre femme, monsieur ?*"

The words trod on one another's heels as McCormick .stuttered, " *Oui—oui—oui*—my *femme*—that's it ! You bet she is !"

The crowd snickered, perhaps as much amused by the unintelligible English as by the situation.

The official cape and visored cap bowed low, not without a certain irony. " A thousand pardons "—and much more that McCormick could not understand. Then official dignity reasserted itself by dispersing the crowd, and McCormick, with the lady clinging to his arm, was free to go where he pleased.

It seemed that she hadn't a word to say for herself ; she trembled constantly, and at times seemed about to fall.

" He would have—would have—arrested me for selling flowers without a license if you had not—had not "—she stammered, just as he was beginning to wonder how long a silence could last.

" Do you know," said he, voicing his uppermost thought, " that you spoke to me just now in English ?"

" Yes," she said, her eyelids drooping to hide her eyes. " Why shouldn't I ?"

" Where did you learn English ?"

" In New York. I was born and brought up there." Then she peeped at him and could not control a little laugh at his blank countenance.

" You did—you were ? Then why—the —how the—did you always talk French to me before ?"

" I thought it better under the circumstances ; and my French is quite as natural to me now because I talk it all the time with —my husband," she answered, demurely.

McCormick's heart turned a somersault and settled in his boots. So much for one who goes about sniffing for adventures when his girl is on the Riviera !

" Your—husband ?" he managed to ask.

" Yes," she said, very sweetly ; " we are going to my home now. I want you to meet my husband. He will thank you for what you have done. This is the street—19 *bis*. Here we are."

He followed her meekly up a dark and unimpressive stairway to a third-floor landing, where she deliberately stooped and peeped through the keyhole.

" I can see his cap," was her explanation.

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"I'm so anxious about him these days. I never know what he may be up to when I'm away."

This was suggestive, but scarcely illuminating; but McCormick was by this time reduced to silent attention.

"Oh, I have forgotten my key!" she said after a moment. "I must ring."

She rang three times, giving Dan a distinct impression that it was by prearranged signal; then she called in a whisper: "*Pst! Raoul! Raoul! C'est moi! Ouvrez!*"

A sudden sharp barking of a very small but irritated dog arose within, and promptly subsided into a sound between a growl and a choke; then there was silence.

Then the Lady beat upon the door with her little fists, and called in obvious distress: "*Raoul! Ouvrez! C'est moi!*"

The door began to open so suddenly that McCormick knew the occupant of the flat must have been standing close behind it all the while. He had a glimpse of a queer cap, somewhat like a tam-o'-shanter, and a brown beard. Then the door was left swinging, and the only occupant of the hall was a small white fox-terrier with a black patch over one eye, who made such demonstrations of affection that the Lilac Lady's finery was imperiled.

"Yap! Yap!" she said, and was severe with him in French, and sent him slinking away.

With one hand against the wall, as if unsure of her ability to stand alone, the woman said, faintly: "Will you come into the *salon*, please? And I will bring my husband to you. He misunderstands the situation."

Before McCormick had made head or tail of this he found himself alone in the queerest-looking room he had ever set eyes upon.

He had a vague impression of a French *salon* as a nearly empty room with a glassy floor and a few gilt-legged chairs upon which no self-respecting man could sit with ease.

This room struck him first with the green and purple light from the windows, which he presently observed to be due to curtains that looked like lilac bushes; then by the fact that, while the walls were bare of pictures and ornaments, they were painted from ceiling to floor with garden scenes in which were trailing processions of oddly dressed men and women. He felt somehow as if he were in a theater. The only piece of furniture that struck his attention was a grand piano, on which stood a tall vase of a curious shade of blue—his merchandising instinct told him that it was probably of considerable value—in which stood a small, an absurdly small, spray of purple lilacs.

Feeling his legs weaken under the strain of the situation, he looked about for a chair, and found, instead of the gilt atrocities, comfortable and expensive antique-looking furniture.

Just as he dropped into a seat the room was invaded by a bearded man, evidently in a white heat of temper. In his first dazed upward glance McCormick observed the dilation of the white nostrils above the beard and the red blaze in his heavy-lidded eyes. For a second he calculated his chances of being picked up and shaken like a puppy. Then clenched fists were raised to heaven and the air was ebullient with riotous French in which the only phrase intelligible to McCormick was *ma femme*. He had recently learned that well.

He swaggered a few feet away from the man in the cap and thrust his hands into his trousers' pockets, growling: "What's the matter with your wife? *I* haven't hurt her."

The Frenchman listened, but did not comprehend. Still, the remark turned his thoughts; he made a sign that McCormick should follow him.

In the room opposite the door into which the Lilac Lady had peeped through the keyhole she herself lay on a shabby couch, with her little silver-buckled toes turned up, her eyes closed, and a face as white as snow. She had not even taken off her bonnet, and her basket of lilacs lay on the floor with its contents half spilled. It looked as if she had keeled over without saying a word, thought McCormick; and clearly her French husband had no clue to the situation.

The two men eyed each other, and Dan was beginning, "Shall I go for a doctor?" when a small but distinct voice said from the couch, "No—*bread!*"

"What!" cried Dan, while the Frenchman fell on his knees with every demonstration of affection.

The Lilac Lady put him gently aside and sat up, trying to take off her bonnet. "Yes—*bread!* I'm starving. . . ."

The race of the McCormicks acted first and questioned after. In ten minutes Dan was back from a raid on the nearest *boulangerie* and *rotisserie* and *charcuterie*, or what-not, with rations enough to have kept a large *bourgeois* family for a week. There were breads and roasts and sauces and fruits and

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wine, everything that greedy shopkeepers could think of to thrust into his more than willing hands. And one of them even supplied a basket and a boy to carry it.

He found the door on the third landing ajar, and the lady lying much as he had left her; the man in the cap was not visible.

Dismissing his *garçon*, Dan laid his basket at the feet of Prostrate Loveliness.

"What'll you have first?" he asked. "Bread and wine?"

She stretched her hand feebly towards a *petit pain*, and he, producing his knife with corkscrew attachment, one minute later, with fine disregard of manners, was holding the neck of a wine bottle at her dainty lips.

"Never mind a glass—drink!" he commanded.

She drank and ate, and the color fluttered back into her cheeks, and she insisted upon talking, in spite of his raised forefinger: "Raoul has gone out. Poor dear, the situation has almost broken his heart! But he'll be back presently. He must be starving, too. It has been awful! I was afraid every time I went away he'd shoot himself. . . ."

"Tell me all about it," said Dan, in the tone that had made Harriet succumb to his attentions.

"You see, we've been married only two months," she began.

Two months? If he had come to Paris in February, as he had planned! . . . But what was the use of regrets? Wedding finery—that was why she had made such a gay figure on the little side-street. "Well?" he said.

"And my husband—he's an artist . . . you know. . . ."

"I hadn't noticed," he put in grimly; and then cursed himself for a fool. The room in which they were sitting was a studio of the most pronounced type, with many square yards of canvases, front side to and back side to, leaning against the walls, and studies of the Lilac Lady herself.

"Yes, and I was a music student here—no money, you know; but we met, and . . . Poor Raoul! He saved up for a year and bought the piano and some of the furniture, and he spent months on those frescoes in the *salon*. And, finally, when my money was nearly gone and I talked of going home, he said he had the promise of three big commissions, and he said *that* was enough to be married on. So I spent all I had left on clothes—they are so cheap in Paris; and one *must* have clothes," she said, defiantly.

"Of course!" Dan understood that, and even squeezed her hand to prove it.

"And I had lovely wedding presents and we were so happy; only the commissions weren't—didn't—"

"Commish," said Dan. "Pan out."

"No. One man died; another suddenly lost his money and couldn't pay up; and the third is still deciding. Meanwhile we starve . . ."

Dan wriggled, with inarticulate murmurs indicating that this would never do at all.

"Well—that is—of course, Raoul borrowed money at first; and then he had to give a mortgage on the furniture, and some of it isn't quite paid for—oh, I don't know. It's all mixed up. But every time the bell rings he thinks it's a creditor. When I'm home, he hides behind the big easel and I go to the door; and when I'm away, he can't answer for fear, of course. . . . But he's such a dear! Artists never are commercial-minded, you know; and I'm no better. . . . But I began to pawn things—"

McCormick groaned.

"Oh, it isn't so bad in Paris. One wouldn't at home. And only week before last Raoul got a new idea for a great picture, so I thought I mustn't bother him about money matters till he had worked it out; then he'd be sure to sell it, and we'd be all right."

"Where is it?" asked Dan. "I like pictures. Possibly"—but he couldn't tell a Rubens from a Watteau.

"No"—she shook her pretty head—"I'm not begging. . . ."

She interrupted herself as a thin barking sounded on the stairs. "There's Raoul. I was afraid. . . . And Yap's with him, of course. . . ."

"So he didn't notice you were hungry?" said Dan, grimly.

"Oh, we had something to eat. Only, I guess, it wasn't enough; and I—well, he was thinking of his picture—and I—pretended—"

"I see. Well, I want him to paint me a picture."

"No!"

"Yes, I do. Of the girl I'm going to marry." He looked at her steadily.

"Oh!"

"You see!"

She turned her face away, trying to hide the sudden joy upon it.

"Sure!" he chuckled. The fact that

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Harriet was not at all the kind of girl who sat for her portrait—not—well, not *lacy* enough—tickled his sense of humor.

"Say," he leaned over his hostess, "tell me quick—before he comes—you said you pawned, and all that; but how did you come to be selling those lilacs, and *where* did you get them?"

She looked up at him with sudden radiance. "Oh, *that*," she said, "was the sweetness of Raoul! You see, when we were married, he said my life was to be always full of sunshine and flowers—you saw how lovely he made the *salon*—and—and on the day before the wedding he went to a florist and told him to send me the best he had—flowers are my passion!—every Wednesday and Saturday until further notice—and—and the worst of it was, the dear thing, because he had the money, *paid in advance for a year!*"

MY IMMIGRANT NEIGHBORS

BY GERTRUDE BARNUM

I—BECKY ON THE UNEMPLOYED

IT was in a little restaurant on East Fourteenth Street, New York—unmistakably Yiddish, from the sign "J. Goldstein" swinging over the entrance to the odors bursting from the "kosher" kitchen doors.

The proprietor, fat and important, was bargaining dramatically with itinerant fish and fruit venders one after another, while his wife coquetted with departing customers over the cash register. The waiters were assiduously petting or chaffing pretty girl patrons, as they were expected to do. And at the tables, where orthodox men ate with their hats on their heads and half of the women were hatless, every one seemed to be enjoying the food and company in the convivial manner common to the Jewish race.

But while the Goldsteins were unmistakably Jewish, it was plain that they bore very open minds towards "foreigners;" for in the front windows, between plates of "Mocha cake" and various kinds of *Strudels*, fruit was piled and decorated in a style which out-Italianed the Italian, and in the show-cases the stuffed and "sweet-and-sour" fish, dear to the Jewish palate, was displayed in friendly juxtaposition to crabs, lobsters, and "cold cuts" arranged in designs stolen from "the very latest" at Halloran's. As one looked below the gilt-festooned and bemirrored surface of the decorations, it became evident that the common sense and the cleanliness of a typically Yankee "Childs" restaurant had been adopted as the basis upon which to graft the bright Russian samovar, the ornate French chandelier, the Moorish ceiling. On the menu, too, the same cosmopolitan spirit was evidenced. Viands and drinks of all nations were offered, not only in the Yiddish language, but also in a brave attempt at English:

That our patrons should not be disapointed, a charge 5 cts. will be colected for bread & rolls with butter.

Cream (sour) with strawberis	15 cts.
" (swit) " "	20 cts.
" with vurgetabelsh	15 cts.
Murshroons (freish) with eggs (freish)	20 cts.
" with eggs	15 cts.

As I glanced on down the list, my neighbor, a young working-girl, noticing a smile on my face, smiled in sympathy.

"You didn't come to a Yiddish place before?" she asked. "You think it looks strange—the cooking?"

"Well, yes," I said. "Do you eat strawberries with sour cream?"

"You should only try it once; you will like it fine—better than sweet cream. I always eat it sour."

The ice being thus broken, soon my neighbor and I had exchanged names and were engaged in intimate conversation. "Becky" had jumped to the conclusion that I was a "teacher," and at once confided her burning thirst for an education. She had been saving up to go to "college" at night; but now she was out of work and her savings were almost gone, and with them her hopes for college.

"It is not me alone out of a job," she

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explained. "And one must always help the others, too."

She thought that "Bundle Days" and the committees on unemployment did not reach very far. "Besides," she added, "our people rather starve than go to the public charity. You read about the bread lines; but you don't read about all the poor little restaurants that feed the people—and they give more than bread lines. And big places like this, plenty come here to eat for nothing. Mr. Goldstein is good. You got to be when you see hunger in the face.

"Sometimes it is hard when a poor person gets fooled with helping some one that takes advantage. I had that, here lately, or I would be twenty-five dollars more in my hand; I spent twenty-three dollars on a girl!" She shrugged her shoulders and sighed. "What's gone is gone!"

And this was the story:

"I was working at Seigel's—hair goods. Before, I worked at Baum's, and I had it better there, but was let out. At Seigel's, a greenhorn worked by me, but she could not make out. It was by piece-work, and she could not make the work. She lived with strangers, and the lady always screamed at her that she should pay up or get out. Then Seigel laid her off altogether. She was crying something fierce. I felt bad, because her shoes were full with holes and her coat was thin like paper, and it was winter. I told her she should stop crying; I will keep her and she should look to find a job. I keep a room—not much, you understand, but better than the park. The bed is small, but when it comes like that you have to do the best. I spent my college money that I saved so long. Shoes and a suit and waist I got for her—second-hand—so she can look for work. Every day I gave her to eat the same as myself. After, I see it cost me twenty-three dollars.

"I did not like this girl that I should always find her sitting there crying when I came home; but what can you do? No one gets a job so easy. We tried the best for her; but the money is going away for nothing. And it was very bad, at last.

"On a Friday night I came from work, and all the room is robbed for me! The girl is gone! She takes everything along! My long cloak I paid by the month—that is gone! My hat with a feather from last year—this is gone! My silk waist is gone! Even stockings, she takes it along!

"I tell you, I am the one that is crying then. But I try the best to say, 'This girl will not do such a thing.' I try and think it is maybe some man she brings up along to see her. Such a man they will do a thing like that only for getting something and selling it.

"But after a few days I see this girl walking on Delancey Street, and what I see is my cloak on this girl! I ran after her and made a show of her on the whole street. The people came around, and I told them about this girl—what I did for her and she steals from me. I screamed at her what should come. She should starve for bread. She should freeze from cold. God will bring her so poor and alone, without friends! I am thinking my education is all gone and all my money and clothes, and I am like crazy! But what can I do? I scream and scream, and it only makes me sick for a whole day after. There is a big crowd and an officer comes over, so I am scared and go away.

"After this, work is slack and Seigel lets me out too. Now Mr. Goldstein trusts me for bread and soup. The rest I am paying out every day for rent and car-fares to find me a job. This is my education!"

In answer to a sympathetic expression, she relapsed into a state of resignation, shrugged her shoulders, and repeated, philosophically, "What's gone is gone."

"You will not be so quick to take in a stranger again," I remarked. But, much to my surprise, Becky turned on me sharply:

"You got to take a chance. Because one is a thief, are all the poor the same? I rather take a chance to help a thief so a good girl shall not die from hunger or kill herself. Only one is a thief and many starve. When I have got something, I will help the poor. The committees and the Bundle Days, these help only a little while and not so many poor. The working-people keep the 'unployed.' The working-people help all the poor all the time; because we know these people, we cannot stand it to see hunger in the faces."

My little immigrant neighbor had given me much food for thought. I found myself wondering if it would not be well for charity organizations and emergency committees to work toward establishing more personal contact between well-to-do benefactors and those who suffer from economic maladjustment. The "Good Fellow" movement at holiday

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time is along this line of direct contact between fortunates and unfortunates. Could not our charity organizations extend this idea to an all-the-year-round, family-to-family relationship? As it is, we who are comfortable are apt to use the charity committees as buffers between us and the sufferings of others. If we could not turn over the responsibility to the "C. O. S.," we might all develop something of Becky's courage to share what we have and take a chance, with the rest, for the future. If we saw "hunger in the face" as she did, and if we knew that no one else would give relief, surely we could not turn away a hungry sister and continue to dine sumptuously. If our sister's problem became our problem, could not the charity organization be used principally as an advisory board, and to arrange for conferences for the study of causes of poverty and the laying of plans for permanent abolition of such causes?

Becky had not only set me thinking; she had warmed the cockles of my heart besides. Now I felt real affection for Mr. Goldstein and all his genial attachés and patrons—all walking so near the brink of poverty, yet all bravely daring to stretch out a hand to save others. And ever since that day I have felt positive joy at the thought of this little Yiddish restaurant with its cosmopolitan trimmings; it was, in its way, symbolic of the brotherhood of men of all nations and all classes.

THE NEW BOOKS

Income: An Examination of the Returns for Services Rendered and from Property Owned in the United States. By Scott Nearing, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

What political economy has been teaching for several decades, what social reformers and wage-earners have long been agitating against, and the Federal Council of Churches has recently been protesting against and urging effort by the churches to remedy—the social injustice of our industrial and economic system—is demonstrated in this volume with a more startling and alarming vividness than in any preceding scientific work on the subject. It is impracticable here to state more than the conclusions, incontrovertible by any unbiased mind, to which the mass of convincing evidence here presented leads up. The facts supporting these conclusions are cited from official documents—Federal, State, and corporation reports.

"Perhaps the most menacing of all American institutions," says Dr. Nearing, "is the perfected organization which enables the few to live at the expense of the many. . . . Overnight, in the world's history, the American people have built a huge, intricate industrial machine which creates pyramidal masses of wealth." At present the United States numbers its millionaires by thousands. Our system of property ownership places no limit on the amount of income-yielding property which one individual may control, and gives him a legal title to what the courts judge "a fair return" for his ownership. "Property rights are being heaped skyward," with income returns proportionate, and with "a very considerable concentration in a comparatively few hands." Property income has become a first charge on industry, to be satisfied before any return of income to service-givers for their expenditure of energy and life in piling up the National wealth. Property interests are safeguarded; human interests are not.

"The time has come," says Dr. Nearing, "when the facts must be faced honestly. . . . Over against the priority, stability, permanence, and concentrability of property income the student of income facts is compelled to set the paucity, the social inadequacy, the economic inadequacy, the rigidity, and the frightful instability of service income." Sooner or later a conflict will arise between the recipients of the one and of the other. Those who have watched the developments of the past few years "cannot help feeling that the United States is moving toward the crisis at breathless speed. . . . The student will search in vain through history for a situation more fraught with destructive possibilities."

This masterly work is destined to be a standard text-book for further discussion of the social problem to be solved. Radical in its exposure of the roots of social discord, it is eminently conservative in its calm statement of facts which appeal to all fair-minded and serious people to co-operate for the redress of social injustice. "Few," says its author, "even among the favored few, can face the facts unmoved. . . . What other message save this one can the producers of wealth despatch to the recipients of property income?—All men must finally learn 'the immorality and practical inexpediency of seeking to acquire wealth by winning it from another rather than by earning it by some sort

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of service to one's fellow-men.'" The volume teaches just this lesson, and concludes by stating it in these words. They are quoted from the deed of gift by the founder of the Wharton School, in which Dr. Nearing has taught it for years, and from whose Faculty he was dropped last June by the Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania.

Scandinavia of the Scandinavians. By Henry Goddard Leach. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

The latest addition to the excellent library which seems to have no title, but which conveys a common idea in such titles as "Italy of the Italians" and "France of the French," is "Scandinavia of the Scandinavians." It has been written by the secretary of the American Scandinavian Foundation. The book has three parts. They are naturally descriptive of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. But we wish it had a fourth. In a very real degree Finland is a part of Scandinavia, and a description of that country would be quite as much in place in this volume as in a volume entitled "Russia of the Russians." Like the previous volumes in this series, so Mr. Leach's is concerned with a very comprehensive view of the history, scenery, politics, economics, education, social life, literature, fine arts, and any special movements, such as the Sloyd in Sweden. The book ought to take prominent place as a work of reference.

Alaska Days with John Muir. By S. Hall Young. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.

This volume contains Dr. Young's graphic narratives of his Alaskan adventures with John Muir, recently published in our pages, somewhat elaborated and with an additional chapter. Dr. Young has the rare power of so describing a great adventure that the reader has the joy, without the peril, of the experience.

Dr. Young's narrative is not only of absorbing interest but is of value for the light it throws upon the personality of a great naturalist and writer, John Muir.

Cry for Justice (The). Edited by Upton Sinclair. Introduction by Jack London. The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia. $2.

In this stout volume the editor has made a collection of prose and verse which, in the editor's words, "have voiced the struggle against social injustice." By including the Bible, the Koran, the Talmud, and the most ancient writers, the collection is made, in the judgment of the editor at least, to "cover a period of five thousand years;" and the selections are taken from the literatures of twenty-five languages. The number of the selections is immense, as most of them are short. The object is to show that in all times and among all peoples there have been humanist writers and theorists who have hated and denounced oppression, and who have aided with voice and pen in advocating nobility and service. No one can glance over the pages of the book without being convinced of this; it is unquestionably an interesting and inspiring presentation of its topic. It is not necessary to adopt any single theory, like that of Socialism, in order to feel the truth and need of the universal cry for justice; nor is it necessary to agree in every point with the conclusions of the editor in order to find interest and stimulus in these extracts. Certainly the editor has done his work with thoroughness and good judgment, and has given the book a positive value of its own.

My Shrubs. By Eden Phillpotts. The John Lane Company, New York. $3.

No one can have read Mr. Phillpotts's novels without knowing how intimate is his knowledge of nature and his love for out-of-doors. Here he turns from the broad effects of landscape and the nature and character, so to speak, of trees and rivers, in which his stories so abound, to become what some one has called "a shrubber." In a volume which is delightful to the eye, with its large page, ample margin, and superb photographic representations of shrubs and of gardens, Mr. Phillpotts gives us the results of his studies and observations in this interesting, if somewhat limited, field. Above all, he urges the reader to remember that "the garden is a place to forget your cares, not to breed them. Competition and anxiety are for the professional." The amateur, Mr. Phillpotts urges, must preserve a peaceful mind and look at his garden without comparing it with others, without pride of possession, but as a place to rest from labor and enjoy the beauty his hands have made. It should not be supposed, however, that the book is an essay on the delights of gardening. It contains an immense amount of practical and specific information.

Complete Guide to Public Speaking (A). By Grenville Kleiser. Funk & Wagnalls, New York. $5.

This is a compilation of about fifteen hundred extracts from authorities on oratory, public speaking, debate, argument, rhetoric, gesture, and so on. All are thoroughly indexed topically and arranged alphabetically also. The volume is rather pretentious in bulk, but will no doubt yield hints and advice of value to the student of the art of speaking. Some of the hortatory quotations would be better if they conformed more closely to the editor's injunction:

> "A speech should be judicious, clear, succinct;
> The language plain, the incidents well linked.
> Tell not as new what everybody knows,
> And, new or old, do hasten to a close."

Abused Russia. By Dr. C. C. Young. The Devin-Adair Company, New York. $1.35, net.

Dr. Young has written an interesting book, although not always in the most engaging style. He tells us about the history, possessions, politics, and religion of Russia. He tells us about the temperament of the Russians—in particular,

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about their feelings towards the Jews within and the foreigners without their borders. We are informed concerning the Russian passport system, and the possibility of our having a new treaty with Russia in regard to this matter. Finally, we learn some interesting things about Russia in connection with the present war—about the prohibition of vodka; we are told that vodka "is responsible for ninety per cent of all Russian ailments." Nor should the prophecy pass unnoticed that, as a result of their loyalty in the present war, the Jews must win what they most covet, the right to live in any section of the Empire, a right, as the author says, to which they have been long entitled.

Joseph Chamberlain: An Honest Biography. By Alexander Mackintosh. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $3.

This book has as a sub-title "An Honest Biography." After reading the sub-title one feels like putting down the volume and turning to another book. Just why Mr. Mackintosh should damage his own product we do not know. He seems as one who cries: "Look at me. I am virtuous. I am honest." One almost feels that this public emphasis on virtue taken for granted might indicate its absence rather than its presence. And so with the present volume. It is a pity that it is so, for it is a fairish production as biographies go, not remarkable on the literary side, to be sure, but an apparently faithful account from the London correspondent of a Scottish newspaper. From the gallery of the House of Commons he watched Mr. Chamberlain for a quarter of a century with "never fading, never slackening interest." And no wonder. Mr. Chamberlain's was a striking personality. "Vivid," "masterful," "resolute," "tenacious," were the adjectives applied to him. As is well brought out in these pages, Mr. Chamberlain's certainly was a career remarkable in destructiveness. In three decades he had split both of the great English political parties. Another way of saying it is to recount the fact that Mr. Chamberlain began life as a Radical and later became a Unionist; that he began as a free-trader, and later became a protectionist. As a legislator Mr. Chamberlain never carried any bill of the first magnitude, as the biographer admits, but he did effectively inspire certain educational, economic, and social reforms reflected in actual legislation. In the arena of home politics Mr. Chamberlain's most notable achievement was probably his successful fight against Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. As Minister of the Crown the greatest affair with which he was associated was the Boer War.

Concerning Mr. Chamberlain and South Africa two opinions are voiced: Sir Conan Doyle, for instance, classes him with Chatham and Pitt as empire-builders; but the Radicals, on the other hand, "found the results of his policy in taxes and graves and broken hearts." As Secretary of the Colonies he signally promoted the Imperial sense of unity all over the world; indeed, to follow Mr. Balfour's generous words, it was during Mr. Chamberlain's term of office that "the British Empire as a whole first showed its full and corporate consciousness." As an economic leader Mr. Chamberlain had become a tariff reformer—or, as we should call it, a protectionist—closing his official career by renouncing his earlier beliefs. This "unsettled the minds of a great mass of his fellow-countrymen," asserts the author. Not the least interesting chapter of the book is found in the supplement and is entitled "A Study in Contradictions," being the "deadly parallel" applied to Mr. Chamberlain's opinions at different stages. The book, as a whole, has distinct value as a work of reference with regard to British policies and politics during the past half-century.

Spell of the Holy Land (The). By Archie Bell. The Page Company, Boston. $2.50.

This book will specially appeal to those who have seen the Holy Land. But it has also another appeal. So far as we know, it is the first book to give an adequate idea of the Zionist settlements. For instance:

> Passing along muddy streets, I suddenly came upon good roads, a general cleanliness and air of prosperity that I had not noted elsewhere in the East. There were pretty cottages set among little gardens in which great red geraniums and other flowering plants gave a picture of homeliness that is rare in Oriental countries.
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> "Perhaps the Zionist movement is misunderstood in foreign countries," said Dr. Ruppin. "It should be remembered, first of all, that we are not striving to form a state. This country is our home. We want to revive and maintain the ancient Jewish culture, which is a thing distinct and apart from the culture of other nations. . . .
>
> "One of the recent arrivals at Tell Aviva from Russia was Mendel Beilis, who underwent imprisonment and a trying ordeal of torture." He said that Palestine is the place for Jews who desire to find contentment, and that it was proving a haven of rest for him, as it would for others who could come here, under the new conditions.
>
> Sitting on the balcony of the hotel at Richon le Zion, which owes its existence to Rothschild, I was waited upon by a bright young lady. "Palestine is where the Jews belong," she said, "and it is more than that to me. It is a paradise. I saw my brother and my sister murdered at Kiev, where I was a stenographer in a bank, but I escaped just in time. Why, I'd rather do hard labor in Palestine than to have the best position I could find in Russia. I am very happy here as a waitress."

The present volume is also notable because the author does not take himself too seriously. He does not talk in "hifalutin" language. He tells a simple, straightforward story. He is a keen observer, all the same, and, whether in Jaffa or Jerusalem or Damascus, has something to describe which the tourist who has been to all those places, sharp though he may think himself, may not have observed.

Coming Newspaper (The). Edited by Merle Thorpe. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.40.

The editor of this book is Professor of Journalism in the University of Kansas. From the

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addresses and discussions of Kansas Newspaper Week, held at the University in May, 1914, from a questionnaire sent out to a thousand people asking what the vital problems of journalism are, from the replies to a special symposium on "Giving the Public What It Wants," and from other sources, he has a decidedly valuable mass of suggestion, comment, and discussion on practical, definite phases of journalism. Among those who contribute are Dr. Washington Gladden ("Tainted Journalism"), Oswald G. Villard ("Some Weaknesses of Modern Journalism"), Melville E. Stone, Lyman Abbott, Norman Hapgood, I. D. White, and Hamilton Holt. Mr. Thorpe's own article, which gives title to the book, binds together and applies effectively the basic principles drawn from the discussion.

Writings of John Quincy Adams. Edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford. Vol. V. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.50.

The peculiar interest of this volume is that of the eventful period covered by the letters of which it consists—eventful for the fall of Napoleon, for the closing occurrences of our war with Great Britain, and the long negotiations at Ghent that restored peace. During 1814 Mr. Adams was our Minister to Russia, and after his six months' service at Ghent became our Minister to Great Britain. His official and private correspondence meanwhile gives frequent glimpses of European views and his own on the chief topics of the times.

Despite the peace concluded at Ghent, Mr. Adams found British animosity toward the United States so bitter that popular sentiment was favorable to a renewal of war. The conduct of British troops in burning the Capitol and the President's house had been reprobated in Europe as a barbarous violation of civilized usage—now suggesting its recent parallel at Louvain. He remarks on the rapid appreciation of American securities after the war, in which Europe had believed America would succumb, and is convinced that the United States is destined to become "a great military and naval power," unless a dissolution of the Union should occur. "The greatest vice of our public men on both sides," he says, "is their load of prejudices against each other."

Of peculiar interest to churchmen are two letters on the Unitarian controversy, then recently opened in Massachusetts. Mr. Adams discusses it at length, remarks the lack of Christian temper on both sides, and hopes that "our liberal clergymen . . . will settle their belief concerning the person and character of Jesus Christ on a firmer and more secure basis than the clod of human mortality."

Albanais et les Grandes Puissances (Les). By Dr. Vladan Georgevitch. Calmann-Lévy, Paris. 75c.

As may be expected, the Servian ex-Premier does not write an altogether unprejudiced book in discussing the relations between the Albanians and the Great Powers. His volume comprises a very informative description of the Albanian people, of their history and social customs; and the account is the more enlightening because Albania has been the most unknown part of European Turkey. Although the book's chief interest to the casual reader will doubtless lie in its detailed descriptions of "Les Albanais," the student of present-day politics will be specially attracted to what the author has to say about the Great Powers in connection with Albania.

As might be expected, there is here perfectly plain indication that no people which "for thousands of years has been living in anarchy and savagery," like the Albanians, can be quickly developed into a self-governing nation. This in the first place. In the second, if any outside Great Power is to obtain control, it should be neither Austria nor Italy—Austria, which would strengthen its path towards the Ægean and affirm its importance on the Adriatic; Italy, which, already regarding the Adriatic as *mare nostro*, would obtain Avlona (as she now has), the best of Albanian harbors and only forty miles across the Strait of Otranto, thus making the Adriatic indeed *mare nostro*. These are the author's judgments with regard to *les grandes puissances*. As to the smaller Powers the book has a yet greater significance; and by those smaller Powers the author means Servia and Greece. He would have Servia absorb North and Greece South Albania, and he adduces history, ethnology, and geography to show why this is Albania's natural destiny. Many readers will not agree with him, but his book is well worth noting.

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BY THE WAY

"With the Paris Salon closed and the German galleries in most cases transformed into hospitals, London can, without cavil, claim to be the remaining center of such artistic interests as have survived the clash of arms," an English correspondent of an American art journal asserts. The Royal Academy held its usual exhibition this year, followed by the "Old Water Color," the "Royal Institute," the "International," the "British Artists," and the "Painter-Etchers." The attendance and the sales, it is claimed, have been but little below the average.

What was called in 1775 "the grandest house in North America" is described in the "House Beautiful" for August as still our finest example of Colonial architecture. It is the Royall House at Medford, Massachusetts. A pageant consisting of scenes from the history of this fine mansion was recently held in Medford. The house is now used as a museum.

In many sections of the Middle West it is the custom to limit the hours of labor on the farm, regardless of where the sun happens to be when the time limit is reached. So states a Southern farmer, arguing for a similar practice in his section. This, he says, is imperative if the brightest boys and girls are to remain on the farm and help to develop better rural life conditions.

Inkstands, a stationer says in "Office Appliances," are far more apt to break when filled with red or purple ink than when they contain black ink. "A ray of light through a blue curtain," he says, "will often cause an inkstand to pop open, as will a ray of light from a prism." To wash inkstands in hot water without breaking them, this expert says, requires care. "You can boil water in a glass without its breaking if you allow the glass to stand until it is cool before the water is poured out; but if the boiling water is poured out of the glass, the cool atmosphere will break the glass at once."

It was not an Irishman, but a distinguished Pennsylvania Congressman who is credited with the remark, "I see before me many faces that I have not shaken hands with for a long time."

The circulation of the London "Daily Mail," according to an article by Sydney Brooks in the "North American Review," has reached the astonishing figures of 1,300,000 or 1,400,000. Two features are cited to account for this circulation, "never before dreamed of in the history of the British daily press." The paper is telegraphed each night to Manchester, to Paris, and to the Riviera, to be published in editions planned for those points. The other feature is the Fourth Page—a page of special articles. "For sheer breadth of interest," says Mr. Brooks, "I know of nothing in the British or American press that even begins to approach these Fourth Page articles in the 'Daily Mail.'"

In an editorial tribute to Oshkosh, Wisconsin, the "Dramatic Mirror" says that the time has passed when that manufacturing city was the subject of cheap gibes on the part of every traveling man who needed an anchorage for a funny story. "It has come into its own as a commercialized center; it has capital and standing; and, especially," says the "Mirror" in enumerating its virtues, it has "one who is regarded by the theatrical profession as the salt of the earth—'Honest' John Williams, of Oshkosh," a man concerning whom, it is asserted, there is a saying, "As good as 'Honest' John Williams's word."

Americans who feel a tinge of resentment at the news that Henry James, the distinguished novelist, has taken the oath of allegiance as a British subject should remember that Mr. James has lived in England for many years; and that when they commend the naturalization of foreigners who come to live in America they are estopped from criticising similar action on the part of Americans who elect to reside permanently abroad.

Newspaper enterprise in putting out editions to appeal to special classes of readers is exemplified in the "ball-grounds edition" of a metropolitan daily. When the crowds are leaving the bleachers and the grand stand in the rush for the home-going cars, they are met by newsboys selling papers which contain an account of the game they have just witnessed. A special kind of linotype, called the "fudge machine," is used for the rush work on this edition.

The port of Liverpool, England, normally the greatest cotton market of Europe, has today in its warehouses a greater quantity of cotton than ever before—1,626,260 bales, an increase of 743,850 bales over the quantity stored at this time last year. Every available building, it is said, has been converted into a cotton warehouse.

Writing of Edwin M. Stanton in the "Atlantic," Gamaliel Bradford tells this story illustrating the fact that Lincoln's brusque Secretary of War sometimes succumbed to manners equally brusque: "Colonel Dwight went to the Secretary to get a pass for an old man to visit his dying son. The pass was refused, whereupon the Colonel said: 'My name is Dwight, Walton Dwight, Lieutenant-Colonel of the 149th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers. You can dismiss me from the service as soon as you like, but I am going to tell you what I think of you.' He did, and got his pass."

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